

COUSIN PHILIP.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M DUNCAN.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that bode?
Shakespeare.

"My dear Philip, you are surely not going to town without giving some little more attention to your dress?"

"Attention! mother; why I have got on the smartest clothes I own. I doubt if any Chestnut street dandy has better."

"Now, Philip, dear!"

"Now, mother, dear!"

"My dear son, do be a little reasonable, and, if not for your own sake, pray for mine, show a little more regard for appearances."

"Why, mother, I have been sacrificing to appearances for the last hour—indeed I am a walking sacrifice, in this thick cloth coat, on the 25th day of July. What fault do you find with me? For my part," he continued, walking up to the glass, and running his fingers through the mass of fair curls that shaded his handsome laughing face—"for my part, I think I look charmingly."

"But, your feet, Philip; you have no straps to your pantaloons!"

"Straps! Oh, mother, straps are the most uncomfortable things in the world."

"And then, your vest!"

"My vest! Do you call this vest ugly? Why, I told Sam to hunt me out the handsomest he could find."

"No doubt it suits Sam's taste, exactly. I advise you to make it over to him. It would be far more appropriate for an old black factotum, like Sam, than for my son!"

"Now, mother, don't look so grave. I will give my whole wardrobe to Sam, and go without any vest at all, if you wish it. But tell me, pray, why you are so anxious about my appearance to-day?"

"Do you forget your promise to dine with your uncle?"

"No, certainly, I do not, and if I get through my business in time, I shall keep my promise to the old gentleman."

"And your aunt and cousins, who are so fastidious?"

"Ah! that's the secret, is it? You want me to show off before my fashionable relations! No, no, dear mother," he continued seriously, "they must take me as I am. We are too unlike ever to be friends, even were I capable of forfeiting my self-respect, by endeavouring to conciliate them. I do not wish to pass for more than I am to any one, much less to them."

"But, for my sake, Philip!"

"'Tis for your sake, mother, that I go at all. Your affection for your sister I respect, though I cannot understand it. You and my father have seen fit to forgive the neglect of years, and 'tis proper that I should do so too, but do not ask me to forget it."

If Philip Herbert was unwilling to conciliate his mother's relatives, he had no such inclination toward herself, and when he jumped into the gig to drive to town, the proof of it might be seen in his person. The obnoxious vest had disappeared, and was replaced by one of Mrs. Herbert's selection, pantaloons with straps were adopted, in one pocket reposed a pair of new kid gloves, and from the other peeped the corner of a delicate cambric handkerchief. Truth obliges us, however, to say, that the sleep of the new kid gloves remained unbroken—he forgot they were in his pocket, and that, though, with the most exemplary obedience, he continued to wear the straps, they were *unbuttoned*.

Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Murray, were the daughters of a very proud, though very much reduced family, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Murray, the eldest, who was remarkably beautiful, had the luck to make a wealthy and ambitious match, while her sister, much less handsome, much less ambitious, surrendered her heart, and finally her hand, to a plain country gentleman, the son of a farmer, who lived in ease and plenty on the farm which his patient industry had rendered a valuable estate.

Mrs. Herbert was on a visit to an old schoolmate when she first met Philip Herbert, in whose neighbourhood her friend lived, and when she returned home her hand was pledged to her lover. This announcement met from her mother, her only surviving parent, the most violent opposition. She was shocked at her daughter's degeneracy, at her taste, in wishing to marry a rough unpolished clown—one so different from all she had been accustomed to associate with. In vain was she told that Mr. Herbert was not a practical farmer—in vain were his education and acquirements dwelt upon. His talents, his integrity, his frank manly manners—even the wealth which must revert to him, weighed not with her. The antiquated cut of his coat, his clumsy boots and sunburnt hands, outbalanced them all, and she persisted in believing that Mr. Herbert followed his own plough, and that her delicately nurtured daughter must, if married

to him, milk the cows and churn the butter: she accordingly refused her consent, and forbid her daughter's ever seeing or communicating with him again. Two years passed by bringing no mitigation of this severe sentence to the lovers. At the end of this time, Catherine's mother died, leaving her to the protection, almost the charity of her sister, who, sharing all her mother's prejudices, opposed with equal obstinacy Catherine's engagement. Finding it vain to expect any change in her sister, and now mistress of herself, Catherine yielded to the importunities of her lover—who had also in the interim lost his father—and became his wife.

Mrs. Murray warmly resented this step, all intercourse ceased between them, and for more than twenty years the breach continued. At the expiration of this time, and shortly before the opening of our tale, a reconciliation had been effected through an old friend of the family, visits had been exchanged, and there now existed every appearance of cordiality between the families.

There is no doubt that as time went by, Mr. and Mrs. Murray had their misgivings as to the prudence of the course they had pursued towards the Herberts. The years of wasteful extravagance, which had diminished their own fortune, were marked by increased prosperity on the part of the Herberts. Mr. Herbert had not been brought up to eat his peas with a silver fork, nor is it probable he had ever used a finger-glass in his life, yet, spite of these important disadvantages, he had managed to acquire a reputation for liberality, enterprise and scientific acquirement, which, though widely differing from their own standard, gave him distinction in the eyes of others. They heard of him through the public prints, as an extensive importer of cattle; as a liberal encourager of every thing tending to improve agricultural pursuits; as the correspondent of learned societies, and as the president or active member of numberless useful institutions. He was quoted as authority, and his farm held up as a model, till Mrs. Murray began to believe that there were other roads to distinction than the mere conventional one she was accustomed to tread; and she accordingly yielded gracefully to the arguments of her friend, to whom twenty years ago she would not have listened.

Mrs. Herbert felt differently. With more heart, she preserved through the years which had separated them, a tender regard for her sister—the only serious sorrow her married life had known, was their estrangement; and she acceded joyfully to a reconciliation, which her respect for her husband never would have allowed her to seek. Mr. Herbert was a perfectly good-natured man, and had never thought enough about his wife's fine relations to harbour any unkind feelings towards them, so that, although he was the chief cause of the division between the sisters, he was the least difficult to manage in the reunion. If his wife overlooked their unkindness, he had no desire to remember it, and he shook the whole family heartily by the

hand, and invited them to walk round and see the place, with the cordiality of an old friend.

Mrs. Herbert's married life had been unchequered by misfortune. She had a respect bordering upon veneration for her husband's character, the kindness of his nature nurtured her tenderness for him, and she felt proud of the high opinion generally entertained of him; but, as there is always a drop in every cup, more or less bitter, she also had her peculiar vexations. It was impossible for her entirely to forget all the maxims of the fastidious school in which she had been educated; and though she had long ceased to be startled by her husband's homely notions and habits, she never became thoroughly reconciled to them. Many little things, nevertheless, he had amended to please her, and when she found it impossible to remedy others, she very sensibly ceased to remonstrate, and if she occasionally beheld him from her window, with a large rod in his hand, helping the lad to drive in the cows, or in harvest-time, with his coat off, assisting the men to house the grain, she consoled herself with the reflection that he did not often meet the cows coming home, and that country habits were too strong to be gotten over entirely. She had winked at the introduction of a spittoon into her neat sitting-room; she had smothered her disgust, and ordered sour-kroot for dinner, and she had submitted to the evil of a smoking husband, without a murmur. After ten years of silent endurance, the cigars were voluntarily given up, the spittoon became useless and disappeared, the sour-kroot ceased to be inquired for and was at length forgotten; but the greatest grievance remained unaltered—he would wash at the pump!! To be called "Kitty" was a trial to her spirit, next in importance, but it shrunk to a mere shadow, when compared with his addiction to the pump!

In vain did she provide the most elaborate washing apparatus, and add them to the extraordinary collection of odd things to be found in his own private sanctum. In vain, with feminine art, did she suspend over the washstand his barometer—a friend always consulted on leaving, or returning to the house—though the washstand was not a dozen yards from this enemy to her peace, he still preferred the pump! His father had always washed at the pump, on returning from the farm—he had used it himself when a boy—the pump was necessary to his happiness, and she must submit.

The Herberts had been blessed with but one child, the son whom we have already introduced to our readers. He was his mother's darling—the pride of her heart. All the ambition her nature was capable of, was called forth for him. Many a day-dream did she weave for him, many a castle in the air. He was to combine all the virtues and talents of his father, with the graces and accomplishments of a hero of romance, and rise to some pitch of greatness, which her imagination still left undefined. His education was to be of the most superior kind, and his early cultivation strictly attended to by herself, while a secret mental compact was entered into to prevent his falling into any of his fa-

ther's odd and rustic habits. Her first step in the furtherance of which was to lay a positive interdiction upon the pump. Also, like many a mother, "she had drawn a bill upon the future, which time refused to honour." Her son, while still in petticoats, displayed the most marked admiration of all his father said and did, which he exhibited on all occasions, by endeavouring to imitate him. He sat by the half hour in his father's armchair, with his little fat legs crossed, holding the newspaper (upside-down) before him, puffing away with the most knowing air, at a paper cigar. He ate nothing but what his father liked—ordered the servants importantly in his father's words—occasionally addressed his mother as "Kitty my dear," and suffered sundry falls daily, in consequence of his inveterate propensity to march about the house in his father's boots, into which, from the discrepancy in their several heights, he sunk up to his hips! All these, however, were but "winning little tricks," which served but to endear him to his mother, and even when he grew bigger, and would steal from her side, day after day, to run out into the fields, or get a ride home on the top of the hay wagons, she saw not the bent which his mind was receiving, in her admiration of his bright face and merry laugh. At length the time came when he could no longer be kept from school. There was a great struggle in the mother's heart to decide between a day-school, near at hand, and a seminary more distant, which would only admit of her seeing him once a week. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of every one, she decided upon the seminary. It was the wiser choice, and all applauded the resolution with which she had sacrificed her motherly yearnings to the interest of her boy. Few actions, however, spring from unmixed motives, and in this instance Mrs. Herbert was not singular. On the evening which she informed her good-natured husband of her decision, she had accidentally beheld from her chamber window, which overlooked the kitchen yard, both father and son, in the most amicable manner, washing at the pump! Her mind was made up, and before another week Philip was off to school.

Years passed by, each one silently overturning some of Mrs. Herbert's schemes for her son, her own efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. We do not know if the world would have gained much by recording those lectures with which she seasoned her labours every Saturday night, as she scrubbed the week's dirt off him. The feasibility of improving both mind and body simultaneously is uncertain, though we are inclined to think from the little impression made upon Philip, that the application of soap, hot water, and huckaback, are not favourable adjuncts in the improvement of the mind. Be this as it may, Philip grew every day more unlike the model which his mother's imagination had fondly designed. At fourteen, he declared he would not go to college, for, as he intended to be a farmer, a college education was unnecessary. His father would not allow him to decide so early, and gave him two years more to reflect. The two years

passed, and Philip was still of the same mind, then Mr. Herbert yielded, and his mother was obliged reluctantly to submit to the severe disappointment which her son's obstinate determination, neither to "achieve greatness himself, or have it thrust upon him," occasioned her.

Mr. Herbert was a man of too enlarged a mind to value lightly the advantages of education, and though he was gratified that his son had chosen the lot in life, which had contributed so largely to his own happiness, he was unwilling that he should enter upon it without those acquirements which had constituted so great a share of his own felicity. He accordingly devoted much of his time to his son, whose deference for his father, as well as his excellent natural abilities, rendered him an apt pupil. While in the peaceful happiness of her home, and in the tenderness of her son, Mrs. Herbert ceased almost to remember that she had designed him for a more distinguished role in the world's drama.

At the period, however, when the reconciliation between her sister's family and her own took place she had a return of some of her former misgivings. Philip was then about twenty, and, when comparing him with his cousin Tom, the mother's vanity was painfully wounded. Tom Murray, though far less handsome than Philip, possessed polished manners and that indescribable air of ease and refinement, which society alone can give, contrasting strongly with Philip's carelessness in dress and plain blunt bearing. Philip, to be sure, laughed at his cousin and called him an empty-headed fop, but Mrs. Herbert was mortified to find that, with so much real superiority, her son should appear to such inferior advantage. If Philip would only lay aside some of his foolish notions, sighed she, and believe that a man loses nothing in dignity and independence by cultivating those exterior graces which possess such a charm in recommending us to each other, how happy I should be!

A few months after the reconciliation between the sisters, Mrs. Murray was taken by sudden death from her family. In little more than a year Mr. Murray followed her, when it was discovered that all his splendid fortune had disappeared, leaving nothing for his children—nothing to pay the overwhelming load of debt which his extravagance and folly had accumulated. The two oldest daughters were married, but there were still three girls left entirely unprovided for. Catherine, the oldest, being only eighteen, and the other two very small children. Tom, though well-intentioned, had been brought up in idleness, and was now scarcely able to support himself. At this juncture, when every one was paralyzed by the events which had come to light, Catherine proposed to open a school for little children for the support of herself and sisters. This, however, was vehemently opposed by all the family, as too wounding to their pride, but Catherine persisted in urging her plan, nor was she induced to yield, until Mr. Herbert, who had joined the family council, convinced her of the impracticability of the undertaking.

Pleased with the fortitude, good sense, and proper feeling which Catherine had shown, Mr. Herbert on his return home, proposed to his wife their offering her a daughter's place with them.

Mrs. Herbert, warmly grateful to her husband for this mark of generous kindness to her relatives, who had certainly earned no title to his regard, gladly accepted his offer, and the next day the proposal was made; Catherine received it with great agitation, but when she learned that the two little girls, in the event of her accepting this offer, would be taken, each by one of their married sisters, she endeavoured cheerfully to acquiesce in the plan which their desperate circumstances seemed to point out as the only alternative. Nor was she insensible to the disinterested kindness of her uncle. No, she felt it deeply, and though, when she parted from the companions of her childhood, it was with a fresh burst of grief, her feeling and good sense soon enabled her to subdue it, and listen with interest to his soothing conversation, as he drew a happy picture of the future, and promised her the frequent society of her little sisters, whenever their holidays allowed them to come to them.

"I am sorry, my dear Philip," said Mrs. Herbert, "that you are so annoyed at your cousin's coming to live with us. If you consider her a burthen, you must recollect that it is not probable that it will be of long continuance, she will no doubt marry early."

"My dear mother," replied Philip, reddening, "do not injure me by such suspicions. What could have put it into your head that I consider her a burthen?"

"Oh! Philip, you know you are always moaning and groaning about her coming!"

"Well, mother, if I do moan and groan, as you say, why attribute it to so contemptible a motive. My father has only acted in this matter with the generous kindness which might be expected from him. So far from regretting, I honour him for it. I only wish," he continued laughing, "that he had managed it in any other way, than by bringing a fine lady into the family, to turn up her nose at us all, and creep through the house with a face of misery, and the air of a martyr. I give you notice, ma'am, that I am not to be expected to make any reforms! I shall wear my boots a week without cleaning, if it so pleases me. I shall whistle about the house, at all times, and wear my round jacket, when convenient. I have no intention of leaving off smoking, learning to bow, adopting gloves, or enduring straps, and I hope I may be spared any strictures under these several heads."

"And now, my son," said Mrs. Herbert composedly, "since you have explained the different methods by which you mean to make yourself disagreeable to your cousin, pray inform me how you intend to display your civility towards her?"

"Why, ma'am, I shall always lend her the newspaper, when I have done with it. I shall drive her in my gig to church on Sundays, if she does not talk too much, and I shall permit her to become

familiar with Dash, provided she has taste enough for the intimacy!"

"I have no doubt your cousin will estimate all your civilities as they deserve," replied Mrs. Herbert, drily.

As this was the most decided attempt at satire which, in their frequent skirmishes, Philip had ever elicited from his matter-of-fact mother, he looked upon himself as having achieved a triumph, and retired gaily from the field, with flying colours.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Herbert's apparent bravery she had her own fears on the subject of her niece, though she did not choose to add to her son's prejudices by revealing them. She endeavoured to hope for the best, and was supported by her husband, whose faith in the amiable disposition and good-sense of Catherine rendered him perfectly free from any uneasiness about her. Time proved him to be right. The first two or three days over, Kate settled herself quietly into regular habits. She was not very lively, certainly, but she had by no means "the air of a martyr." At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Herbert brought her little sisters to spend a few days with her, and then she became quite cheerful and happy. She soon fell into the little ways of the family, assisted her aunt in such domestic duties as she attended to in person, interested herself in her uncle's pursuits, whose thoughtful consideration for her never slumbered, and indicated her claims to taste in the eyes of her cousin, by patting Dash whenever he approached her.

As for Philip, having put forth his "bill of rights," in advance, his mind was at ease, and fearing no charge of inconsistency, he did his best to make his cousin comfortable. This, we confess, he accomplished for a week or two by keeping out of the way; but, as her unaffected manners and affectionate temper were developed, his amicable disposition exhibited itself towards her in positive acts of kindness. He procured new books for her, gave the first hint to his father to purchase a piano for her, and smoothed over all difficulties in the way of transporting his little cousins from town and back again. As his fears of Kate's fine ladyism died away, his disposition to avoid wounding her prejudices increased; and her unpretending gentleness accomplished what no assumption could have gained. His boots were always unexceptionable; he had compounded with his round-jackets in favour of summer-coats. He still whistled inveterately, but never in his cousin's presence; and, as for the cigars, he forgot them entirely! For the rest, he continued obstinately to eschew both gloves and straps, deeming such sacrifices to comfort, far beyond any cousinly reward. In short, as time passed on, though he would have disdained to confess it, Kate gradually added much to his happiness. It was no small matter to have a young person constantly at hand to sympathize with all his pleasures, and listen to all his schemes. His father was too grave and occupied for this, and his mother asked too many explanations, but Kate caught his meaning at once. Kate could see all the agreeable results at a

glance, and though she talked so low, and used such simple language, some how or another her observations conveyed more meaning than any person's he had ever known, except his father. We should be inclined to think that Kate's grace and loveliness had something to do with the favourable opinion of so young a man, if we did not know that he had never noticed either—at least he never said so!

"Kate has a great many false refinements," thought he; "but she is as fresh-hearted and innocent as that little lamb she made me rescue from the butcher this morning—that was a very foolish thing in me, by the way; lambs were made to be killed. I wonder what made me do it?"

Though Kate did not at first apparently understand her cousin's character, her natural tact taught her to avoid wounding him. She often disagreed with him, and frequently expressed her dissent, but it was done in such a quiet unoffending manner, with such an appearance of conviction in the propriety of her own views, that it was impossible not to respect opinions so firmly, yet so gently asserted. Kate had seen very little of her cousin, and knew still less; but she had heard him laughed at, at home, and came prepared to find him different from those whom she had been accustomed to associate with. A short time sufficed, however, to unsettle many of her impressions regarding him. He was abrupt in his manner, careless in his dress, and indifferent to appearances—he laughed at customs she had been taught to reverence, and violated forms she had been trained to follow, but there were also qualities to call forth respect, which she had never heard attributed to him. He was manly and intelligent, the result of a quick apprehension, and a mind cultivated by extensive reading. He was ardent and impetuous in his nature, with a temper nevertheless habitually sweet, full of originality and life, and affectionate in a remarkable degree to his parents. Kate saw much that at times made her shrink from him—much that startled her, but she never found any thing to laugh at, though she often laughed with him.

Meanwhile, the summer glided quickly by, and winter was come. The cold weather and bad roads prevented such frequent visits as heretofore from the little folks, but Kate had now become more reconciled to the separation, and whenever there was snow enough for good sleighing she always went to town in cousin Phil's sleigh, to make them a visit. Kate was astonished to find that there was so much pleasure to be enjoyed in the country during the winter. She took long walks and rides with her uncle and cousin. She found a thousand sources of interest in the domestic animals belonging to the farm, from the beautiful little Alderney calf, which her uncle had given her, down to the speckled hen, whose claws had been so cruelly frost-bitten. Then she took lessons in making cakes and pastry from her aunt, and in drawing from her uncle. Then, during the long evenings, Philip read aloud while she and her aunt sewed, or else she played and

sang for them, while they listened. Occasionally company came to interrupt the reading, eat the cakes, and listen to the music; but this was not often. It was a thinly inhabited neighbourhood, and town folks seldom feel any promptings to visit their friends in the country during the winter. At length spring came, not with lagging steps, but bursting and joyous. The rivulets melted beneath its warm breath, the trees seemed to spring into life in a day, and the grass to grow like magic. Then the cows were turned out to pasture, the birds began to sing and build their nests, and the hen strutted about the barnyard with her downy brood. All was life, and light, and cheerfulness, and Kate wondered how she could have thought winter pleasant.

"My dear," said Mrs. Herbert, one evening to her husband, as he entered the room, "I really must remonstrate with you, upon your manner of introducing people. 'Kitty, my dear, Mr. Him-hem-haw,' does not answer the purpose intended, I assure you. If you know your friends' names—which I sometimes doubt—why don't you utter them intelligibly? If I had not asked Philip, in a whisper, this evening, as we left the house, what Mr. Baldeagle's name was, I should have felt most awkwardly."

"Bald Eagle!" exclaimed Mr. Herbert, throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing vociferously. "Did you call Mr. Hufneagle, Bald Eagle?"

"Certainly I did," said Mrs. Herbert, looking reproachfully at her son. "Philip told me it was Baldeagle. I introduced him to Kate as such, and we both called him by that name all the while we were with him in the grounds."

"My dear mother," said Philip, endeavouring to stifle his laughter, "it was thus I interpreted my father's gibberish. It sounded confoundingly like Bald-eagle, I assure you."

"Why, my dear, it was Mr. Hufneagle, our new neighbour, who has bought old Norton's place. I met him yesterday at Green's, and he seemed to take so much interest in our new East India plants, that I invited him to come over without ceremony, and see them, though I suspect his eagerness was all assumed for the purpose of meeting our little Kate here, for I find he saw her in church on Sunday and took the trouble to inquire very particularly about her. He said a great many fine things about you, Kate, and I hope Phil has not spoiled your conquest."

"Quizzing is a very low species of wit," said Mrs. Herbert, with cold gravity, still looking inexpressibly mortified, "and I am sorry that my son can find no object more fit to exercise it upon, than his mother."

"My dear mother," said Philip, much annoyed, "how seriously you take the matter; I dare say the man did not perceive that you addressed him by a wrong name. He was too busy trying to find out who 'Kitty, my dear,' was; or if he did, the best people are liable to mistakes. Depend upon it, we shall not find it so easy to affront him."

But Mrs. Herbert was not so easily mollified.

Philip's little snare, in allusion to her name, for once failed to divert her displeasure from him, and finding her not likely soon to be appeased, he rose and left the room, and was soon heard whistling the particular tune which relieved him most, when he was most discomposed.

Some time after, while Kate was sauntering about in the grounds, she was joined by her cousin, who adverted to what had just occurred. Kate, who had participated in Mrs. Herbert's vexation, as well as in her mistake, did not view the affair so lightly as Philip seemed to wish she should, and told him so, gently, but firmly. This Philip resented highly, and dwelt with some asperity upon the "manner in which women magnify trifles."

"Do you call it a trifle, Philip, to place a mother in a ridiculous position—to make her the unconscious means perhaps, of affronting a gentleman of worth and respectability?"

"I call it no trifle," he replied, warmly, "to be lectured, as if I had committed a crime, and all because my mother cannot understand a joke. Confound the fellow, I wish he was in Kamschatka."

"I should not presume to lecture you," Kate replied, quietly, "even if I had the disposition. You forget that you broached the subject yourself, and if I speak at all, it must be what I think."

"Do women ever say what they think," asked he bitterly. "For my part, I believe Talleyrand's definition of speech, 'a gift bestowed upon man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts,' was intended to apply only to women."

Kate made no reply, she saw he was out of humour, and walked quietly by his side, while he amused himself switching the bushes.

"I suppose," said he, at length breaking silence, abruptly, "this new man will be running here every day, and I shall have no peace with his refinements and perfections. I wish, with all my heart, 'old Norton' had lived to be a hundred."

"Perhaps you may find him an agreeable acquisition, Philip. You have very little society here."

"No, I shall never find a man who wears finger rings, and curls his hair with a curling-tongs, an acquisition!"

"And yet he may be very estimable and intelligent for all that. His attention to his person is no doubt the result of habit, and occupies no more of his thoughts than you give yourself to those matters."

"Very doubtful," replied Herbert.

"Admit then that it does," she replied. "Is it not more amiable to endeavour to recommend ourselves to others even by trifles, than to oppose ourselves by obstinate singularity to our equals and associates. Which do you think proves the most vanity, the man who brings to his aid all the softening graces and refinements of education and polite society, or the one who thinks to recommend himself simply by his worth?"

"I should give it certainly for the man of worth," said Philip, smiling half contemptuously.

"But if the other should possess quite as much worth, with a less unbending spirit, Philip?"

"You have argued your friend's case admirably," replied he, sarcastically. "Pray let me congratulate you upon the mutual conquest. Your new admirer is the very pink of politeness."

"You are perfectly welcome to ridicule me, if you please, cousin Philip, but you must bring forward some more potent argument before you convince me. Tell me, is there no merit in the suppression of the thousand small selfishnesses which politeness daily demands of us? Is it no virtue to think of another before ourselves, and if it be so, is it not doubly a virtue to do it in the most gracious and acceptable manner possible? True politeness, say what you will, Philip, is founded in good feeling, and they who possess those feelings, and fail to exercise them, do more injury to themselves than to others."

"It would be useless to argue this subject with you, Catherine; my feelings and your prejudices are too entirely opposed to admit of it."

"Then the prejudice is all on my side? And yet, Philip," she continued, smiling sweetly, "I see merits in those who differ from me, while you, who disclaim prejudice, pass a sweeping censure upon all who deviate from your ideas of right."

"Have it your own way," returned Philip, angrily. "I won't deny you the pleasure of making out your case at my expense. I told you before that we should never think alike. It is impossible that we should."

"I have no case to make out, much less one at your expense, cousin Philip; but I see you are offended at me, so I will leave you," and she turned away and went in the house.

Philip tried to harden his heart, and encourage his ill humour, but in vain, Kate's tremulous voice and meek reply, were reproaches he could not silence. "No doubt, she thinks me a savage," he said, "but how could I help it! If I had replied to her argument, I should have wounded her ten times more. I am not fit to deal with any one so full of sickly refinement. I dare say she despises me for that reason. I was a dolt to think of finding sympathy in any one educated in the school she came from."

Philip's better nature, however, could not be entirely subdued by the arguments of prejudice and temper, and the next morning early he sent to his cousin's room a nosegay of her favourite flowers, as a peace offering. When they again met there was no apparent difference in their manner to each other, but still there was a change, and both felt it. The harmony which had heretofore existed between them was overshadowed. One of those dark clouds, of which temper and strong feeling are so often the fruitful parents, had breathed its fatal spell upon them, creating a restraint which had not existed, even in the early period of Kate's coming.

The consequences of this alteration were that Philip whistled more, and Kate sang less. Philip addicted himself strongly to fishing and spending his evenings out, and Kate passed hers in helping to entertain Mr. Hufneagle, who, as Philip had pro-

phesied, was not so easily affronted, and became a constant visitor. Perhaps this last was the reason why Philip absented himself so much. His early prejudice against their neighbour had grown into positive dislike. If his name was mentioned, he whistled. If he saw him approaching the house he jumped out of the first window or door, to fly from him; and if he heard his voice, when he returned home at night, he would steal quietly to his room, without making his appearance in the parlour. The new neighbour thought him a strange unsocial person, while Mr. and Mrs. Herbert wondered what attraction there could be in town for Philip, whose visits there became frequent and regular.

It soon became evident that Mr. Hufneagle was endeavouring seriously to recommend himself to Kate. His mother and two maiden sisters, who composed his family, were profuse in their attentions to her, and his own became more pointed every day. He was a young man of some property, well educated, good looking, with pleasing manners, and full of that easy chit-chat which to half the world forms an agreeable man. The want of society in the neighbourhood proved a plausible excuse for a degree of intimacy which their short acquaintance scarcely warranted, and Mr. Herbert, in his innocent endeavours to be civil and hospitable to a pleasant neighbour, offered him every facility for doing as he secretly wished. At length, however, single minded as he was, Mr. Herbert began to awaken to some suspicions of Mr. Hufneagle's intentions, and spoke of them to his wife.

"My dear Kitty," he said, "it appears to me, Mr. Hufneagle spends a great deal of his time with us? Who invited him to dinner to-day?"

"I did, my dear. He came home with us from church, and I thought it but civil to invite him to stay. I hope you are not uneasy about the dinner. You have no reason, I assure you; we have got ducks and green peas, ham, and a fine large"—

"Oh, no, no, 'Kitty,' not at all. Don't worry yourself, your dinners are always good. It was not of that I was thinking. Did it ever strike you," he continued, "that Mr. Hufneagle is very particular in his attentions to Kate?"

"Certainly, my dear, there can be no question of it. It will be an excellent match. We shall have her so close to us."

"Close! do you call a mile close!" said Mr. Herbert, testily. "I wish he would let her stay where she is; we would rather keep her ourselves."

"But, my dear, she must marry some time or another."

"I don't see the necessity," was the reply, "she is very happy with us."

"True, but would it not be very selfish in us to wish to keep her to ourselves, particularly if the young people should be attached?"

"So it would, 'Kitty my dear,' you are right. Heigh-ho, it is very sad to have one's comfort broken in upon in this way," soliloquized Mr. Herbert, as he walked slowly down stairs. "Hufneagle is a clever fellow in his way, but not the man I con-

ceived likely to attract Kate. I must observe them closely, and see if he really has gained any influence over her. Poor child, she is thrown so much with him that it would be hard to attribute her acceptance of his attentions to choice."

Fortunately, an opportunity offered immediately for the exercise of Mr. Herbert's penetration, and as his first essay in this line was favourable to his wishes, he was proportionably inspired.

Dinner time arrived, and Philip did not make his appearance. After some murmurings on the part of Mrs. Herbert, at his want of punctuality, they sate down to dinner without him. Just as they had finished, Philip entered the room, looking heated and fatigued. His absence was soon explained.

In a dilapidated hut, at the entrance of a secluded lane, which skirted some woodland of Mr. Herbert's, Philip had discovered as he was riding home, a poor woman who had taken refuge there, with two children, under the most pitiable circumstances. She had lost her husband, and being perfectly destitute, was on her way to Philadelphia, to endeavour to procure work, with an infant in her arms, and an ailing little boy of six years old. She had got thus far on her journey, when the boy became too ill to proceed, and she had crept, almost paralyzed by despair, into the first shelter that offered—the hut where Philip found her—weeping over her sick child. Bidding the poor creature be of good cheer, Philip hastened to despatch Sam to her immediately, with food and other necessities, and rode off himself for a physician, who returned with him directly, and pronounced the child's disorder to be scarlet fever.

"The doctor thinks, my dear mother, that the cabin they are in might be made habitable with very little trouble, which would be better under all circumstances than to remove the child, and if you will send some bedding down, I will see that every thing requisite to make the place comfortable is done. Sam has already accomplished a great deal, and it would touch you to see how grateful the poor creature is."

After a few questions, Mrs. Herbert left the room to comply with her son's wishes, while Kate eagerly rose, and declared her intention to go down with her cousin and see the woman herself.

"You must not, Catherine," said Philip, quickly, "you forget the fever!"

"But I have already had the scarlet fever, cousin; there is no danger to me."

"You had better not," reiterated Philip.

"Indeed, Miss Murray, you would be running a great risk," interposed Mr. Hufneagle, in a tone of confidence, as if he had a right to be gratified. "Pray, let me entreat you not to go—send a servant—'tis not a fit errand for you. For my part, I think it would be far better to put the woman in a wagon, and send her, with her children, to the almshouse, instead of running the risk of infecting the whole neighbourhood."

Philip turned his back upon Mr. Hufneagle, with a contemptuous shrug, which he took no pains to

conceal. While Kate, colouring, and drawing herself up, said coolly, without noticing Mr. Hufneagle's appeal, "if you will finish your dinner, Philip, I will collect some little comforts for the poor woman, and, if my aunt does not object, I will go down with you."

Philip opposed her no longer, and in a short time she joined him upon the piazza, with a basket well stocked by her aunt, with necessities for the sick child.

"I must take something down for you to sit on, Kate," said Philip, smiling more cordially upon her than he had done for some time, and seizing a camp-stool close by. "Sam has done wonders, but I doubt if he is yet prepared for company:" and they set off together on their errand of kindness.

A little while, and Kate had unladen her basket for the grateful mother, and was seated on the camp-stool, with the baby in her lap, while Philip assisted Sam to build up a fire in the old chimney-place, to enable him to prepare the poor wanderer some tea.

Before night, Mrs. Herbert's thoughtfulness had supplied the cabin with every requisite for comfort. The sick child was asleep in a clean bed. Sundry kettles and porringers simmered at the fire. Sam had swept the floor, and laid numerous strips of old carpet over the bad places. Kate had tacked a curtain to the window, and Philip had mended the latch of the door.

"You have driven Mr. Hufneagle off, by your obstinacy, Kate," said Mr. Herbert, when they returned home. "He is very much afraid of infection."

"I fear rather that he was a little offended, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert, "at Philip and yourself remaining absent so long, when he was our visitor."

"If he is offended," replied Kate, laughing, "it must be at Philip, who is always so remarkably attentive to him!"

Mr. Hufneagle was offended—though at what, he never explained. He staid away for several days, and strong hopes were entertained by some members of the family, that this state of things would last, but they were disappointed. He returned, and though he was never perfectly at his ease, while the poor woman remained at the hut, when the boy recovered, and the family was comfortably provided for elsewhere, he fell into his old habits of easy confidence.

His suit, however, did not prosper, as seemed to be expected. Notwithstanding his determination to overcome every obstacle, he found it very up-hill work. He fell in love in April, and it was not until the first of July that he found an opportunity to communicate his love to its object. He did so, nevertheless, and was refused, and then, having never received the slightest encouragement from Kate, he was very much surprised and indignant, and flew off to town with a very bad opinion of the sex.

Kate was sorry for him, but as her conscience was free from reproach, she could not feel very unhappy.

As Mr. Hufneagle had informed Mr. Herbert of his intention to offer himself to his niece, the result of his application was obvious. Mrs. Herbert was a great deal surprised, secretly a little pleased, and yet tolerably disappointed. Poor woman! she had put aside the ham for the wedding dinner! but she obeyed her husband, and said nothing. Mr. Herbert was thoroughly delighted, and when next he met his niece, he could not forbear showing his approbation, by silently drawing her to him, and kissing her. Kate was touched by this unusual mark of tenderness in her uncle, who though always thoughtful and kind, was never demonstrative in his feelings, and she could not help shedding tears as he pressed her to his bosom.

As for Philip, he seemed neither glad nor sorry. He turned his back, and looked out of the window when he perceived his father and cousin getting sentimental, and took no further notice of the event than by ceasing to whistle—we presume out of regard for his cousin's feelings.

An evening or two after this event, Kate sat alone, feeling rather dull. Her aunt and uncle were taking a drive, and Philip had gone to town at an early hour in the morning.

Suddenly she heard an unusual noise, and before she could collect her thoughts, two pair of little arms were thrown round her neck, and she saw her little sisters.

"How do you do, sister?" they exclaimed both in one breath. "Are you not glad to see us? Oh! we were so afraid we couldn't come, but Cousin Philip begged so hard, just for the 'Fourth of July.' He came on purpose for us, and so sisters said we might come, and stay a week. And we are to celebrate the Fourth very grandly. We are to have an elegant feast! Cousin Phil drove us down to Henrion's, and let us buy as many sugar plums, and French bonbons, and oranges, and lemons, and pineapples, and every kind of good thing as we chose, and then he bought the greatest quantity of rockets and Catherine wheels, and Roman candles, and Cousin Phil is to set them off for us on the 'Fourth.'"

"And he is going to make me a watermelon lantern," said Mary.

"And I am to have a ride on the pony," said Fanny, "and we are to go fishing very often."

"Yes, and sister Jane says Fanny is not to take off her shoes and stockings, and paddle in the creek as she did last year."

"And sister Augusta says Mary must wear her sun bonnet, and not get so black as she did last summer. But Katy dear, wont you let us run out a little while now, to look about and see the dear little puffy chickens?"

"Hey day! What does all this mean?" said Mr. Herbert, in the passage, on seeing all the numerous packages that had been conveyed there from the dearborn. In a moment the little girls were in the arms of their aunt and uncle, repeating with the same eagerness the history of their visit.

The arrival of the children seemed to give plea-

noise to every one. Their very restlessness and noise from its novelty was agreeable.

"I must thank you for this gratification, Philip," said Kate, as they all stood on the piazza after tea, watching the gambols of the children while they played on the lawn with Dash.

"My mother thought they would like to spend the 'Fourth' with us," he replied, "and it was no trouble."

"My aunt is very good," said Kate softly.

The "Fourth of July" proved as great a day as was promised. Kate decorated the summer house, and the whole family partook of the feast. In the evening it was lighted with coloured lamps, and the "watermelon lantern," with sun, moon and stars carved upon it, hung suspended from the ceiling. The fire works succeeded to admiration, the squibs and crackers were perfect marvels of loudness and fierceness, nothing was set on fire, no one was made sick, and there were enough sugar plums left to last a fortnight.

"Oh! dear, what a happy week we have had," sighed Fanny, as she tied on her bonnet to go home, "I wish we could live with you for ever, Cousin Phil!"

"Well, Fanny, when I am an old bachelor you and Mary shall come keep house for me."

"Oh! my, how nice that would be; but, Cousin Phil, we must have dear Katy too."

"Oh! yes, dear Katy too. Come, jump in. Take care of the wheel. Now, Mary. Sit back, Fanny. Here we are, all snug and comfortable." And away they went, kissing their hands and waving their handkerchiefs till Kate could see them no longer.

Philip was to have set out on a visit to Niagara and the Canadas about this time, but an attack of illness which he got by shooting in the swamps, suddenly put a stop to his journey. His naturally strong constitution, however, quickly overcame the disease, and it was not very long before he was able to be down stairs again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Herbert, "I think Philip recovers very slowly. He keeps upon the sofa all day, and is so extremely quiet, it makes me quite uneasy."

"I suppose he still feels weak," replied Mr. Herbert, "he talked very cheerfully to me this morning. I have no doubt he has plenty to say to Kate."

"No, indeed. You are mistaken. Kate agrees with me. Why, she waits upon him, makes all his drink, prepares his medicines, reads to him, and humours him in every way she can think of, and he never even says, 'thank you, cousin.'"

"This son of mine is a strange compound," thought Mr. Herbert, as he walked into the next room to see for himself.

But Mrs. Herbert's forebodings proved ill founded. Philip's recovery, though slow, was very sure, and a little time found him able to ride out, and recover somewhat of his old look. He still remained rather quiet, however, and Mrs.

Herbert would now have been very glad to hear one of those whistles which formerly had so annoyed her. Mr. Herbert recommended that the old plan of the journey should be pursued, and offered to accompany him, but Philip declined going. "He preferred staying at home," he said, and as he soon returned to his old habits, all anxiety ceased about him.

One evening towards the latter end of August, as the family still lingered round the tea-table, a servant brought Mr. Herbert a letter from the post-office.

"From your brother, Kate," said Mr. Herbert, and commenced to read the letter aloud. Tom wrote to inform his uncle that through an influential political friend he had obtained a desirable office at Washington, and in brief but manly terms thanking Mr. Herbert for all his kindness to his sister, informed him that now being able to support his sisters himself, he would relieve him of his charge, and place Catherine at the head of his establishment.

It would be impossible to describe the dismay painted in every face by the contents of this letter. Kate became very pale, and when her aunt with emotion rose and threw her arms round her, she burst into tears. Mr. Herbert walked quickly up and down the floor, and Philip hastily left the room.

In a little while they were more composed, and could talk it over. Feelings the most gratifying on both sides, were elicited during this conversation, and it was finally agreed that if Tom's plans were fixed, which they hoped was not the case, that there was no alternative. It would be clearly Kate's duty to go.

Some hours later, Kate sat alone upon the broad steps of the piazza. It was a warm sultry night, and she had sought the open air to relieve the heavy feelings which oppressed her. The moon shone brightly, and the peacefulness of nature seemed to calm her troubled thoughts. She had sat there some time when she was aroused by an approaching step, and the next moment Philip stood beside her.

"Where are they all?" he asked in a hurried voice.

"My uncle is in his study with Mr. Green," she replied, "and your mother has gone to bed with a headache."

Philip paused for a moment, and then said, "The night is very beautiful, will you walk a little while with me?"

Kate rose, he drew her arm within his, and they walked on for some time in silence. At length, as they emerged from the shade of the trees, and stood in the broad moonlight, Philip paused abruptly, and turning to his cousin he gazed fixedly in her face.

"This letter, Catherine," he said at length. "Are you glad to leave us?"

"Oh, Philip!" she replied, in a tone of pained surprise, "how can you ask me that?"

"Then you are sorry?"

"Yes."

"But you will go?"

"Is it not my duty?" she asked in a low voice.

"Perhaps it is. But it will be a pleasant duty. Washington is a gay place, and you will find many there to follow and admire you and make you happy."

Kate hastily drew her arm from her cousin, while with a voice tremulous with wounded feeling, she murmured "ungenerous!"

"Ungenerous! Am I ungenerous?" he cried, as if electrified by the feeling which her voice betrayed, "Look at me, Kate. See, I am at your feet. Is this ungenerous? Is it ungenerous to tell you that I would rather die here than live to part from you? Is it ungenerous thus to pour out all the madness of a despairing heart? Oh! Kate," he continued, "if you but knew the wretchedness I have endured for months. If you could see the agony of the last few hours, you would surely pity and forgive me."

Kate did not speak, but with trembling hands she obliged him to rise.

"I know I must pain you," he continued, in a voice still struggling with agitation, "but you will forgive me. I brought you here under a strong impulse of hope, to tell you all my folly and presumption, to implore you to stay with us, to accept my hand, to permit me to endeavour to win your regard. I believed that feelings so powerful and resistless to myself, must, in time, affect you also. I felt as if I could pour out the very depths of my spirit in your ear, and make you love me at last. But now it is gone. I only feel my own unworthiness—I only feel how impossible it is for one like me to recommend himself to you—I only feel my very heart crushed by the knowledge of the dreary future that is before me."

Kate stood motionless by his side, her hands clasped, her head drooping, and concealing the expression of her face. One would have supposed that it was to a statue those wild passionate words were addressed.

At length the silence was broken by Philip. "And have you nothing to say to me, Kate?" he asked, "not one word to soothe the heart that has been laid bare to you."

Kate slowly raised her head, and in a voice scarcely audible replied, "What shall I say?"

"What shall you say, dearest Kate! Ah! if I might but dictate to you." Philip drew nearer, and bent to hear the reply, which came so broken and faint,—

"You may, dear Philip, you may."

The next morning, when Philip descended to the breakfast room, he found his mother alone, looking very sad and depressed. In reply to his cheerful good morning, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Philip, this is a dreadful business. I have scarcely been able to close my eyes all night, for thinking of Tom's letter. How shall I ever part with dear Kate? It makes me perfectly miserable."

"Oh! if that's the case," returned Philip, "we must keep her—we must not let her go."

"But she thinks it her duty, my dear, and if such is the case, how can we prevent it?"

"Why, we must tell her how miserable it makes you, and show her the impropriety of dooming you to sleeplessness, and if that won't do, why I see no other alternative. I shall have to marry her."

"What nonsense you talk, Philip. Marry a woman that you don't like."

"But I do like her."

"I mean love."

"But I do love her, mother."

"Well, if you do, which I don't believe a word of, she don't love you, so do talk a little more rationally."

"It is a very hard case not to be believed when one tells the truth. I assert, ma'am, that it is a fact, and, moreover, I can assure you that Kate is very much in love with me."

A servant now entered the room, and breakfast was ready, and in a few moments they were joined by Mr. Herbert and Kate. When Mr. Herbert had finished his breakfast he turned to Kate, and said,

"I am going to town, my dear. Have you written to Tom, or would you like to accompany me?"

Kate hesitated, blushed, and looked at her cousin.

Philip stirred his tea, coloured a little, smiled, and then said in a tolerably composed voice,

"I will go with you, sir. I am to speak with Tom for Kate."

Mr. Herbert looked from one to the other in the most profound surprise, till Kate's embarrassment becoming too painful to endure, she fairly jumped up, and ran out of the room.

And then Philip told his parents all!

We must not pause to dwell upon the deep heartfelt joy of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, nor describe the emotions which swelled Philip's bosom as he beheld her he loved clasped alternately in the arms of his parents. The deep humility with which he asked himself, "am I worthy such a creature," tested the sincerity of his affection.

The aspect of things being now so entirely changed, Mr. Herbert and Philip, after a long day's absence, were enabled to return with every thing satisfactorily settled. Tom behaved admirably, they said, and Kate had had the happiness to obtain the approbation of all her family in the important step which she had taken.

"I forgot to tell you, 'my dear Kitty,'" said Mr. Herbert, "that we met Mr. Hufnagle in town."

"Indeed! and did you speak with him?"

"No, I did not, but I saw Philip shaking hands very cordially with him."

"Philip!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, in a tone of surprise—"And how did he seem, Philip?"

"Very much as usual, ma'am. Full of airs and graces, bows and civil speeches, and all those little ornamental prettinesses which used to fascinate you ladies so much,"—and Philip looked mischievously at Kate.

“This is a curious communication,” said Mr. Herbert, looking archly over his spectacles, holding a note in his hand, which he had been reading for the last few minutes. “Let me read it to you, Kate, perhaps you may understand it.”

“ ‘SIR;—I have the honour to give you the information that I have arrive again in good health. The badness in my throat is recover entirely, and I shall have much gratification to recommence those lessons in the dance, by which you have so much

improve, upon the first moment of your convenience.

“ ‘Very respectfully, &c.,

“ ‘ALPHONSE DUPRE.

“ ‘MR. PHILIP HERBERT, *Philadelphia.*’ ”

“Dear me! That boy will frighten me to death some day,” cried Mrs. Herbert, looking all alive, as if she had touched the nerve of a tooth.

Philip had rather hastily jumped out of the window!

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CLEMENTINA, WHO CALLED HER FIRST CHILD BETSY.

BY H HASTINGS WELD.

If it were not for the making of too extravagant an anti-climax in the very title of our sketch, Clementina's patronymic, as well as her baptismal, might be given. The reasons of its suppression rest, partly upon that consideration, and partly upon the fact that the writer of this veracious narrative would, by too unreserved a communication to the dear public, and too statistical a development of names and dates, make a blank in his calendar—an erasure in his visiting list. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Clementina Blank (she is Mrs. now) would ever thereafter endure the sight of one who should, too much in the manner of a deposition, detail the doings of the teens of Miss Clementina Dash. Take the sketch, therefore, “founded on fact,” and charitably believe as much as you can.

Though the poet says, “the rose by any other name would smell as sweet,” and though every body quotes the sentence, as the very otter of rose in proverbial wisdom, yet poets are not infallible, nor does every body remember every thing. Consequently one little circumstance has been overlooked—that the rose cannot help being a rose, if it would. It cannot substitute another and less pleasant odour for its own, though we call it by the name of that other Persian plant, which supplies the *materia medica* with its most villanous aroma. The rose is not a moral agent—a young woman is; and not only self-willed herself, but the cause of double self-will in others, of the other sex, who delight to speak of women as their other selves. Therefore, oh madam! call your roses dahlias, peonies, poppies, if you will, but do not let their god-mothers miscall your daughters. There is no knowing what may come of it.

Good, substantial, stately women are apt to be of imposing mental and moral stature, and not addicted to making themselves ridiculous. When we find Sylphinas whose tangible presence has so outgrown early calculation, that their weight in anthraxite would warm the parlour a month, we find such persons too sensible to set up for fairies. But a romantic name, when it happens to jump with a child's whims, disposition, and circumstances, is pretty certain to aggravate that romance in the wearer, with more or less of which all young ladies are born. If Celestina, Seraphina, or the owner of any other specimen of the falsetto in the baptismal gamut, happen to be sylphlike in figure, ethereal in aspect, or petite in proportions, there will be no slaking of her thirst in cups larger than the acorn pattern, nor ministering to her hunger in greater than the most orthodox of homœopathic quantities

—that is to say “before folk.” She will never walk, but always glide into an apartment—and all the other usual plain realities of life, will, with her, be but spiritual apparitions. Her thoughts will be imaginings—her life a vision—her aggregate—if such a positive term may be used in speaking of one who classes herself as a “thing of light,” a corporeal nonentity—her sum-total will be what is indicated in the plain word nonsense: pretty nonsense, perhaps, but nonsense still.

Clementina Dash, like too many young ladies of more exuberant fancy than just perception, grew to her teens with the idea early implanted, that the first duty of woman was to find a husband. But we do not express it right. *She* was not to find a husband, but a husband was to find *her*. In her own poetical thought, she was to float a thing of gentle glory in the matrimonial horizon, like the delicate gold-fringed hues of even, until some poetic young man, sauntering in ecstasy, with his mouth open, and head in the clouds, should run that head against her; around that head, like a halo, she was gently to hang, sheltering it alike from the hailstorms of adversity and the too fierce glare of prosperity: crowning his life with happiness, and searing the hearts of the indefinite millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine disappointed other men, in the world, with envy.

In the choice of a husband, Clementina rightly deemed that there were pre-essentials to be consulted; but in her inventory of these requisites she was a little wild. That she was a sylph was a point fully settled in her own mind; and thence she naturally deemed that none but a gentleman sylph was fit to be her companion. On the arrival of such a phenomenon she fully counted, at the proper melodramatic and romantic point of time. He might come per rail-road—not indeed by a noisy, clattering iron road, supporting heavy trains of cars, and huge smoking locomotives. No—no—her fancy was the Peter Wilkins or Henson patent—parallels of moonbeams,—the termini being, the one far off and indefinite, in the chief city of the effulgent realms of Fancy—the other at her feet. By such conveyance did she fully believe that her own true-love, by Fate ordained, would some fine evening drop down before her, “all in a heap,” to be elevated from his posture of worship at her shrine, with the tip of her feather fan. It is such musings as these which dispose romantic young ladies so much to affect moonlight and solitude; and Clementina was a most assiduous seeker of both. Poor girl! as the French phrase it, “she had reason,”

for never, except in solitude, came there to cheer her thoughts any of the etherealities on which, fiction—taught, she deated.

Every thing and every person which surrounded her, was of most commonplace and unpoetic reality. Her father was wealthy, and none had a better right, for he had himself honestly earned all that he possessed. He was liberal, but at the same time no spendthrift; and his wife was a pattern-woman for management and economy. They denied nothing to their only child which she could reasonably desire; and even many unreasonable requests of hers were complied with by their kind indulgence. They denied themselves nothing which fashion dictated, and, being charitable and humane, they purchased often that better than all fashionable enjoyments, the luxury of doing good. In a word, every body respected Mr. and Mrs. Dash,—every body except their daughter! She had never read of the heroine of a romance, who was not bound, by cruel mischance, either to hate or to despise the persons who had given her birth, and sustained her life; and as the living representative of the Clementina's of the books, our Clementina was bound to feel as they did.

Of course, she found "congenial souls" in other young women, who were placed in like cruel circumstances with herself,—that is to say, with every comfort within their reach, which a reasonable heart could desire; but, having parents possessed of common sense, and therefore not possessed of any feeling in common with their refined and poetical children—unable even to understand the occasional glimpses of their daughter's mental superiority in any other light than as pettish approaches to very unreasonable ingratitude. With these kindred spirits of her own sex, Clementina could pour out her griefs, and accept theirs in interchange, but she found gentleman sylphs a much more rare variety. She had, in fact, waited in vain for a full realization of her darling hopes in that direction, and, although some moonstruck youths came almost up to her beau-ideal, they were too conscious of their own impudent nonsense, to approach the ordeal of her father's stern common sense, or if, adding the sin of presumption to their ridiculous pretensions, they did venture an attack, they were summarily and unequivocally ejected by Mr. and Mrs. Dash. Thus was our unfortunate maiden as good as sentenced to "unrequited love," for nobody in particular—doomed to single blessedness. However, as she gracefully expressed it in one of her many letters to her kindred minds: "No parental tyranny could deprive her of the communings with the invisible spirit which hovered over her path, anticipating the hour when the sordid calculations of earth-born souls no longer offending his purity, and the barriers of conventional prosaic life no longer paralyzing his golden wings, he could fulfil his destiny, and make her happy." Poor Clementina!

There was one young man whom, romance aside, Clementina would very willingly have taken for better or worse. But the course of true love in

that direction ran altogether too smooth for its truth to be admitted. In the first place, both her parents, instead of opposing would have approved the match—a posture of things unheard of by novel readers, and utterly incompatible with the canons and precedents of Dan Cupid. In the next place, his Christian name was John! John!—not Lord John, nor Sir John, nor any other John but plain John, convertible into Jack, in colloquial familiarity, into Johnny in endearment. Whoever heard of a John in a novel, save John the servant, or an old fusty uncle John, good for nothing but to die at the proper time, and leave his money to those who know how to spend it? Marry John! the thing was preposterous. She could have got along with a Theodore Augustus, even if he had been a man without poetry—but John! Never!

The Dashes, with the multitude, sought a summering place. These visits to the Springs were Clementina's holidays, for, having satisfied herself that no possible romance could happen in the dull house at home, she never made a journey without an indefinite hope that some very remarkable departure from the ordinary stale routine would certainly occur to make her happy. Hope, often mocked, would not be defeated, and still the expectation returned to Clementina, after every disappointment, that she certainly would one day be blessed by being made romantically miserable by a dear delightful, poetical, but forbidden attachment.

But nothing occurred on the way to the Springs, to vary the monotony of all such journeys, except the detection, by her father, of his servant in dishonesty. As he was an old, and hitherto supposed to be a faithful servant, the old gentleman contented himself with discharging him, with his full arrears and more, to shift for himself, as best he might, at the risk of his next master. Clementina would get up some romance about this, particularly as his theft was *her* watch. She ran through, in her mind, all the instances of lost trinkets in the novelists' library, and all the cases in which they had been discovered to have been purloined by bashful lovers, who could live only with a token of their lady dear "nearest their hearts. Having thus found for herself a reason stronger than its jewels, why her watch, of all watches, should have been stolen, she asked her father—"Who could have induced him to take *my* watch?"

The old gentleman answered by repeating the name of him who, in indictments, is charged with procuring all sorts of evil things by his instigation. Clementina was not satisfied, but asked a more leading question,—"*Who* could he have taken it for?"

"Why, for himself, child, and a market," answered the direct old merchant. Poor Clementina! she dared not say what *she* thought, for she knew her father would have laughed in her face. She took her revenge, however, in a long letter, in which she related to a friend all that had happened, and a great deal more. She expressed her sincere belief that the faithful servant never could have

stolen the watch, except for the use of some undeclared and despairing lover of its mistress, kept at a distance by her father's frowns; and she deeply regretted that parent's unreasonable and untimely interference, when, had events been left to themselves, they might have led to an *eclaircissement*, and made two fond hearts happy. "But, such," she concluded, "my dear Araninta, is our fate; surrounded as our too susceptible spirits are, by minds insensible as clods to the higher aims, and the finer aspirations of our beings."

And then Clementina, having despatched the letter, leaned a very pretty chin upon a hand supported by a decidedly full and pretty arm, and looked abroad upon the ruralities, to which, as the daughter of a cit, she was so little accustomed. She saw the discarded servant in conversation with a gentleman, who leaned against a tree—just in the posture which a male coquette knows so well how to assume, to set off a handsome figure; for there are men as proud of graceful forms, as ever daughter of Eve could be. She saw that the stranger earnestly listened, and she thought—nay she was confident—that ever and anon he cast glances at the window where she sat. Now was she sure. It was he—the visitor of her dreams—the companion of her thoughts—the being for her created, as she was born for him. She dwelt upon his elegance of form, she studied, as well as the distance would permit, the contour of his face, she fancied the liquid melody flowing from his lips—she imagined—felt—knew—that this was her perdue beloved, who had stepped, all perfect, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, out from the damp leaves of the last new novel! Her heart fluttered, her face was flushed and pale by turns—the crisis of her existence had at last arrived, and she had not then waited in vain! The stranger took a walk which approached the house—she saw nobility in his mien, and consciousness of proud birth and pure blood in his step. She half sighed that she was a plain republican—mere Clementina;—but she rejoiced that her surpassing loveliness was about to call her to share the fortunes of the gifted of another land, and sink her plebeian patronymic in an aristocratic name.

The stranger bowed and passed on—Clementina almost fainted, and quite dropped her handkerchief. She was restored to the dull realities of life, by her mother, who came to accompany her to the tea-table. She looked with anxious hope from face to face about the board—*his* was not there. At any other time she would have studied the countenances of the gentlemen to see which might figure in her dreams, as that of him who was to come one day, and take her from the unreasonable vassalage and dependence of a father's house, in which her almost every whim was gratified—now the place was filled. The stranger sat upon the throne—and taking all the confirmatory circumstances together, she was sure that he it was who was born to unite with hers, his destiny. Had not the servant stolen her watch evidently for some admirer who desired

to have ever near him a memorial of his beloved? Had she not seen that servant revealing to the distinguished stranger the failure of his attempt? Had not that stranger gracefully, tremblingly, modestly bowed down to her, thereby indicating his passionate preference? And was he not, beyond all peradventure, a noble wanderer? All her inquiries of others as to who and what he was, were foiled;—no one knew him—so completely did he keep his incognito, that no one had even observed him. He might be a foreign count—a lord—a duke—an earl—a prince! and Clementina thought when she should consummate her brilliant destiny, how, as countess, my lady, duchess, or whatever might be her title by marriage, she would kindly patronize and protect the parents whom she could not ennoble—how condescendingly she would overlook their plebeian checks upon her early aspirations. It is noble to forgive, and Clementina felt already as noble as if there coursed in her plebeian veins, the blood of the Howards—not "*all the blood, of all the Howards*," because that might have created a tendency to apoplexy—but just as much blood as a material sylph may be supposed to require.

Where was the gentleman sylph? At night, in the crowded saloon, Clementina looked in vain. He was not there. And then she remembered that, as a true lover, while yet his star of hope was not in the ascendant, he was bound to eschew society—all solitude to him; to avoid conversation—all vanity to a mind preoccupied; and to cherish, alone and by moonlight, his thoughts of her, and dwell upon the image of her perfection, indelibly imprinted on his mind. She wished that he possessed a miniature of her to console his despondence—or that the larceny of her watch might have been successful, that he might, as he counted the hours like minutes of her absence, press to his heart and lips the monitor of time, which had been her bosom companion.

Rosy dreams visited her couch that night—or rather gilded dreams; for coronets, and equipages, and liveries passed before her sleeping senses, like the glittering pageant of a spectacle. And when she sprang from her couch, the night seemed all too short—the day all too dull and real, after such happy dreams. She was behind the hour at which the guests start upon their matutinal visits to the Springs, to drink waters too nauseous for any body but tyrant fashion to prescribe—and knowing that at the morning rendezvous she should meet her mother, she started forth.

The stranger! and leaning against the very tree where he stood the night before! Alone—and not a soul in sight!

Should she avoid him? It would be cruelty to him, and to herself, and a heartless piece of affectation. Should she invite him to address her? That would be unmaidenly and without precedent in romance—not permissible, unless he were in *extremis* or she in distress, neither of which she felt quite sure was the case. By all the rules of romance, he was bound to start forward, and she to start back—

she to fall on one knee, and she to die away in a swoon—and then to wake and find herself supported in his arms, with his eyes fastened on hers. If he should, under such circumstances, salute her with a kiss, it was her duty slightly to resent it, but only slightly, to avoid mistake, the object being to teach him that kisses were too pricelessly valuable to be had without the asking—begging—praying for.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through her mind, she had almost reached the spot where he stood, and had determined to pass without seeming to observe him. He *did* start as she approached—he *did* take off his hat—he *did* step toward her—and she *did* actually feel as if her limbs were sinking beneath her. Now were her dreams of a whole teendom (she had turned the first of time's corners) about to be realized.

"Do not be offended or alarmed, my lady"—Clementina shook like an aspen, and spoiled the corner of her handkerchief with her nails. "My lady!"—how respectful—and his accent too, evidently foreign—his manner—so deferential. She held her hand so that he might seize it if he would, and stood ready to scream a *little*. But he did not touch even the tip of her finger, and to tell the truth, seemed nearly as much frightened as herself. After a hesitating pause, he proceeded—

"I have spoken to your late coachman, and"—
"I know!" Clementina interrupted, "I knew—I know it all!"

The stranger seemed a little confused, and perhaps did not quite understand her. But, after looking down at his boots an instant, he continued, while the lady listened with breathless attention, "he encouraged me that I might venture with best hope of success, to address myself directly to your ladyship."

Now the golden shower had indeed descended, and Clementina was happy. She did not scream—her head was giddy, and she scarce knew where she was; but, after a moment she said, hurriedly, "My filial duty—my maidenly modesty—my—but you must speak to my father, indeed you *must*—for I never can break it to him!" and away she danced to conceal from him the joy, which, like a

balloon, promised to lift her from the earth. Happy Clementina!

* * * * *

The carriage had rolled round to the door for an afternoon's drive. Clementina, who, since morning had been, unaccountably to her parents, in extraordinary spirits, came tripping down some moments before them.

No! It cannot be! But, yes—it is. The new coachman—the wearer in his hat of that broad belt of gilt lace—the new filler of the suit of the lately discharged servant—can it be *he*? Was it one of love's disguises?

"I did speak to him, Miss," said the fellow, "as you told me, and he's taken me on trial."

Clementina sank down into a corner of the carriage, to conceal her face from the coachman. She reviewed all the circumstances, and reached the first sane conclusion at which she had ever arrived, where herself was a party. As to her title of "ladyship," that was only a specimen of the art by which new importations, from servants up, assail, and too successfully, American, republican, title-despising vanity. His place secured, she had already sunk to plain Miss. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that the old servant, knowing that Clementina's whims ruled the house, had recommended his successor to apply first to her. Her mistakes were no fault of the man's—nor did he ever understand why she behaved so singularly.

Clementina is married now, to the plain John of her father's choice, and of her own too, when the scales were lifted from her eyes. The trip to Saratoga cured her of her romantic nonsense. She is a good, rationally affectionate wife, but as she never has fully confessed her Saratoga experience to her husband, you, reader, are particularly enjoined to keep the secret from him, in case you should meet.

She has called her first-born Betsy, that it may escape the perils the mother has gone through; but human nature is human nature, in man or woman; and were Betsy now to be christened, we believe she would compromise with conscience, and, after royal example, load the infant down with the sufficiently uncouth combination of Alice Maud Mary.

A THOUGHT.

*Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book (1844-1848); Jan 1844; 28, American Periodicals
pg. 35*

A T H O U G H T .

THE restless inanity of minds, which can neither use, retain, nor even receive any of the materials of intellectual enjoyment, require, as the gratifications of sensuality cease, a continued and endless

succession of novelties, at once violent and frivolous, to relieve them from the painful sense of that vacancy which it is impossible to fill, and that lassitude of self-disgust which it is impossible to fly.

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JACK VAPOR THE BUSY BODY.

A DUTCH STORY.—IN TWO PARTS.

JACK VAPOR.

THE return of the famous Jack Vapor from the high school of Outland to his native town, was an epoch in the history of Lulenburg, and concerned, we may say, the whole European world. At least, every good Lulenburg considered the affairs of his own little town, of importance enough to fasten the attention of the most remote as well as of the nearest countries; and no one doubted for a moment that the least detraction from the ancient fame of Lulenburg, or of the Lulenburg patricians, would disturb the sacred balance of Europe, and set the whole world, from the Ural mountains to the Tagus, in fire and flame. It is always good when the citizen of never so small a town thinks well of himself, and he ought never to behave himself meanly, for great words and little deeds amount to nothing but Quixotism and gasconade. The true greatness of a state does not consist in the fact of its wealth, but in the power and active-mindedness of its inhabitants—at least of those who bear the staff of authority. The people in themselves are nothing but cyphers; only the magistrates are the numbers that can be counted at all, or that possess any real significance.

Jack Vapor was the son of the deceased burgo-master Peter Vapor, one of the greatest statesmen of his century. Peter's lofty and philanthropic spirit had never disturbed the peace of Europe. In sagacity he surpassed all his contemporaries; in judgment he was infallible; in decision perfectly correct; and in sallies of wit, there was no one like him. And he was all this, upon the simple ground that he was the first magistrate of the town. Not what he had actually done, but what he might have done, would, if it were written, fill whole folios, and he take rank, if not above, still near to the most commanding princes in the history of the world. He died too early for the fortunes of Lulenburg, and only the virtues of his successor, Mr. Burgomaster Tobins Crack, could mitigate the just but silent sorrow of the state, for the loss of the great Peter Vapor.

The young Jack Vapor had formed himself at school so that he might assume the duties of his hereditary rank as a patrician with honour. It was true there was a good academy at Lulenburg, but that served only for the instruction of the common citizen-classes and the poorer families among the higher orders. The Lulenburg nobility already understood, what other statesmen have more slowly made the ground-work of their policy, that enlightenment and intelligence were the most deadly

poisons that could be distributed among the people. Europe has only to thank intelligence for the greater part of the evils under which she suffers. If this principle, then, is so detrimental in monarchies, that the Secretary often knows more than his Minister, and the Captain or the Lieutenant presume to criticize the strategy or the tactics of the General, by which, in the end, they are completely turned about, the highest becoming the lowest, and the lowest the highest, how dangerous would be the operation of it in a state where there existed greater freedom, in a republic, for instance, where the people are so apt to know as much as their betters.

The lords of Lulenburg had early adopted the noble principle that the lower classes should be allowed to sip from the springs of Wisdom only as much as might be requisite for the necessities and sustenance of life. In several of the neighbouring villages of that free republic, they had left it to the patriotic charity of the peasants themselves whether they would have common schools or not, and whether they would pay the salary of the teachers. The peasants, as might naturally have been expected from their sound good sense, found out for themselves the eternal truth, that a peasant at the plough has no need of great erudition. They grew, accordingly, in the fear of God and pious simplicity, as well as other people, and became thick and fat, to the admiration of every body. In general, the government of Lulenburg, judging from their blooming prosperity, was much too good for the people, who were regarded as one would regard a flock of sheep entrusted to his care, as something to be made fat. The fatter the man, the more considerable he was. In the towns, also, a similar principle prevailed, and there sprung up in Lulenburg one of the most praiseworthy regulations in the world, which only obtains in India, Egypt and the celebrated countries of the East, viz. that the son pursued the calling of his father; the son of a rustic remained a rustic, and could never to all eternity be any thing else; the mechanic's child became a mechanic, the preacher's son a preacher, the merchant's son a merchant, and the counsellor's son a counsellor. Whoever thought this was not an excellent arrangement, was called a turbulent fellow, a demagogue, or, perhaps, a metaphysician, a jacobin, and other bad-sounding names.

To maintain this spiritual peace, and to banish all curiosity, they had established an excellent censorship, which was afterwards copied from the Lulenburgers by other lands. Manuscripts and books, with a proper foresight, were forbidden to the be-

fore-mentioned "turbulent fellows," and they were allowed to carry about with them only the song and prayer-book or a catechism. The Lulenburg gazette contained one singular article: of the state or republic of Lulenburg not the least word could be whispered, lest some important state-secret should be betrayed. But when Council consented that something really worthy could be praised, then the Lulenburgish Fair took up her trumpet, and blew the praises of the glorious action to the ends of the earth, that other nations might have an example, and the future historian proper materials. This awakened among the patrician youth a noble emulation.

Even Jack Vapor himself was inflamed by it; although Nature had already done much for the worthy lad. He seemed to be born for great things. It is but just to speak in the outset of his career, of the rare merit that he was not rich, although he had rich uncles and cousins to inherit from. Already the secret knowledge that he would have money, and was born to command, acquired him a great horde, and made him virtuous, learned, intelligent, upright, intellectual and worthy. From his agreeable figure, they saw, wherever he came, that he would form himself according to his own will; his words, his manners, his movements were marked by a pleasing easiness, an unaffected life, which in another person, of lower extraction, they would have called ill-breeding or impudence. He was accustomed to speak, with a noble frankness, whether he understood his subject or not; was full of knowledge without pedantry, which he had gathered from romances, reviews and learned newspapers, which enabled him to dispense with the reading of pedantic books, and yet communicated a fifth part of their contents. To this foundation of wisdom there was not wanting either humour or activity. He was a restless, indeed, we might say a quicksilver man; mingled in all things, wished to know every thing, to say every thing, to do every thing—in short, was perfect in every quality which in a common person would certainly pass for pertness, but in Lulenburg would acquire great weight, and be regarded by eminent statesmen as a mark of universal genius.

THE BUSY BODY.

At the high school, the same liveliness of disposition had been the occasion of many little disagreeable events, and, sometimes, from a rude man, of a severe flogging. But only common mortals allow themselves to be intimidated by earthly mischances. He continued the same. Raised above the storms of fate, and the pains of his back, he pursued his chosen career, which among his schoolfellows won him the somewhat equivocal and singular name of *Bully*, but which on the throne of one of your world-rulers, is very properly metamorphosed into the title of *The Great*. For, strictly speaking, nothing in itself is either great or small, and only

becomes so by means of time, place and circumstance. Alexander the Great, as well as his Swedish ape, Charles the Twelfth,—Charles the Great, as well as his Corsican imitator, was each in his time a mere Jack Vapor the busy body, and played in the great drama of their several nations, his ever-memorable but unblest part.

Even this brisk butterfly-like courage, this desire to be over all, and with no one else, to be all in all, distinguished our noble youth, among his fellow citizens no less than among strangers. His fellow citizens were accustomed to think deliberately, and come to a point with caution. Fortune was true to him here, as in all things. No wonder that the greater part of the Lulenburgers regarded him as an extraordinary apparition in the history of the world and mankind, and at last come to look upon the sports of accident as the work of his strength, and write reports concerning many performances of his, which he himself knew nothing about.

As soon as he had returned to his native place, it was commonly remarked that he had grown in years, in understanding and in body. Indeed, he overtopped the majority of his fellow citizens about the length of a head, and therefore they gave him, as a distinction from the rest of the Vaporish family, the surname of the Great. That it was only to greatness of mind such a surname was due, never entered the thought of a Lulenburg; for mind has neither flesh nor bones.

After one year, when the great and sovereign council of the town and republic of Lulenburg was renewed, or, more properly, repaired, he attained, by right of birth, to the dignity of those who wielded the chief power, who were the legislators of the state, and from among whom they were accustomed to select the persons on whom the highest posts of honour were conferred.

A young aspiring man must naturally have felt it to be very agreeable to belong to the "Fathers of the Country." This appellation, the best and most honourable which mighty Rome gave to her most excellent rulers, and which, in modern times, the people apply to their really great men, the Lord-Councillors of Lulenburg referred to themselves, both in their solemn discussion and in their every-day proclamations, even if the object was merely to make known a meat or bread tax.

Soon after this elevation, fortune cast upon Jack Vapor, the dignity of First Architect to the republic.

I say, fortune; for, with the exception of the consular dignity, which depended upon a secret majority in a formal election, all the other offices at Lulenburg were distributed by lot. This excellent arrangement deserved to be admired as it was. Not only, by means of it, were all the strifes of factions and parties prevented, which the ambition of the citizens in a republic carried to such extremities, but the choice received a sort of holy attestation and respect. It was not man, but Heaven itself, who designated the most worthy officers. True, it happened not unfrequently that the butcher

became the school-teacher, the barber the post-master, and the cook chief superintendent of the treasury; but this promoted a multiplicity of mental accomplishments which are nowhere easily found. It was in accordance too with the old and sensible maxim, that to whom God gives a place, he gives also understanding, a maxim which originally took its rise in Lulenburg, as everybody knows.

Jack Vapor was, therefore, in no respect misplaced, although he had never in the course of his life made even a card-house, when he was made Chief Architect of the republic. He assumed the oversight of the two common springs of the capital, of the public streets, on which one in the open daylight might without special care break his neck or his bones, and of the public edifices, to which belonged the council-house, the academy, the engine houses, and even the church and parsonage.

His youth, his wealth and his distinctions, made him one of the most important personages in the state. Every maiden and mother looked upon him with friendly expectations, and he very naturally looked kindly upon them; but the matrimonial candidates were so many, that he found it difficult to decide to which of them he should give the ring. He fluttered from flower to flower. In every street, he had a sweetheart; and very soon, in the whole of Lulenburg, there was not a citizen's daughter who did not fancy that she had made some impression upon the heart of this Alcibiades.

JACK VAPOR.

Uncles and cousins, when they saw his irresolution, at last met together, to consult over the choice of the future mistress chief architect. They considered it an indispensable requisite in the daughter of the country who should be offered the marriage, that she should have wealth and family; and after long thought, investigation, and many timely *ifs* and *buts*, their choice fell upon Miss Rozina Piphan, only daughter of the chamberlain of the republic, a grandchild of a, for twelve blessed years deceased, burgomaster, relative of the most respectable and wealthy houses of the state, and herself the richest heiress of all the blooming maidens of Lulenburg.

Jack Vapor frankly expressed many things against this chosen one: but all were without any real foundation. She was about ten years older than he, but she was the grandchild of a burgomaster. She patiently carried a hump on her back—but she had money. She was so small in figure that she could not, without stretching her hand high above her head, walk arm-in-arm with him through the ways of life; but he himself could bend, or shorten himself by getting down on his knees.

After all, to the advantage of the pious little Rozina, the negotiation was opened between the relatives of the two, with all proper form. Jack Vapor willingly left the trouble of it to them. The affair was crowned with the very best luck. The day

was appointed, when he should go and ask the hand of their daughter from the Honourable Chamberlain and the Honourable Chamberlainess. After this important business, which, according to custom, was managed as a most notorious secret, the portions of the relatives on both sides were to be brought together, and a brilliant supper prepared.

Jack Vapor, on the appointed day, could hardly wait till evening, and keep the secret of the festival in the dark. Meanwhile, the uncles and cousins rejoiced, not so much at the prospect of a betrothal-feast, as at the surprise of the whole town on the following morning, when the secret should take air, and greeting upon greeting fly from every mouth. The town architect had dressed himself most gaily, early in the morning, and it gave him much uneasiness that he could not show his finery until the evening. His vanity caused him to think of the many complaisances and coynesses which would make him appear to be the very Cupid of Lulenburg.

At any rate, that he might reap a harvest of wonder, he walked forth.

THE BUSY BODY.

His first desire led him to the house of the town-pastor, where he had always been received with the most Christian kindness; for the pastor had a daughter, a pious, sweet blonde, called Susanna, who was well worthy to become Mistress Town-architect. Jack Vapor, in general, looked kindly upon the blonde, and the heavenly blonde looked kindly upon him. He was possessed by a feeling which is peculiar to great men, that he burned with the most intense devotion for every beautiful woman that stood near him.

It was afternoon. The time flew past swiftly in the midst of entertaining chat about household affairs, and the marriage statistics of the neighbourhood. Coffee was brought in; and they sat down around a black cloth with great gold landscapes, which ornamented a Japanese table, with one leg made in the form of a pillar, the parson and his wife on the right and left, and the tender Jack Vapor and the modest blonde opposite to each other. They greatly enjoyed the famous Arabian drink. The Architect had never seen Susanna more beautiful than she was that day; no doubt, she was the more so, because that very day, within a few hours, he was to surrender his freedom for ever to the little Rozina. He quietly compared the attractive rival with her little treasure-box, which awaited him in the evening, with the golden hair curling so beautifully over the marble forehead of Susanna, and all the gold and money of Miss Chamberlainess seemed like so much plunder. Susanna's blue heavenly eyes, her sweet little red mouth, and her snow-white neck induced him easily to forget the entire circle of Rozina's respectable and distinguished relatives. And when he caught a glimpse

of the neat and delicate feet under the table, with their white stockings, and thought of the broad masculine foot of Rozina, his love for the blonde blazed out at once into a clear flame. He dismissed the elected bride and wished for no other paradise than Susanna could have found for him. It gave him pain, however, that she all the while modestly hung down her eyes, and kept surveying the coffee cups. Not even his new violet-coloured silk vest had fastened her attention. He would willingly have declared the sweet feeling which possessed him, but was restrained by the presence of the parents. Still he could not refrain, while placing his feet near to hers, from conveying to her by one soft and tender touch, how eager he was to approach her.

Unfortunately, he had not observed that Susy had drawn her feet back, and that the feet of the mother occupied their place. Now, these were no less sensitive than those of the seventeen year old beauty, for the good lady had been a long while complaining of what are called corns. It would appear she had them at any rate, since the love-tap of the architect not only pressed out of her a very death-shriek, but, in order to save her toes from the vehement pressure, made the Japan-table a participant in the affair, by which all the coffee dishes were tumbled pell-mell towards one side. As no one was impolite enough, however much he might desire it, to take all the coffee, milk, sugar and butter to himself, each one pushed the table the other way, so that it was kept flying about like a ball between them until every body had received a portion of its contents.

All were frightened out of their wits, since no one knew the particular occasion of this sudden stroke of Fate. The black tablecloth, as well as the architect's new violet-coloured vest, shone like another milky-way, while the pastor's wife and daughter, with a hundred curtsies, asked pardon of Jack Vapor for the awkward accident, which had also ornamented their fine white aprons with coffee-coloured and curious images. Jack foresaw that in the end, when their fright would allow them to inquire into the affair, that his guilt would become apparent, and so, before it was too late, he took his departure.

A cloudy sky had anticipated the darkness of the night. Jack hoped to indemnify himself for the misadventure at the parson's, by the feast at the Chamberlain's, and hurried to his house, and so into his chamber, to exchange his silk violet-coloured vest for one that was dryer.

This accomplished, he went to the window, to see whether the rain would render any measure of security necessary. But the rain had suddenly ceased, and he, as he opened the window, was met by fire instead of water—not an earthly, but a super-earthly fire—not from heaven, but from the black eyes of a charming neighbour called Catharine.

This Catharine was no one else than the daughter of Major Knoll. She knew of no better place in the whole kingdom than the heart of Jack Va-

por, and fondly believed that she would soon get possession of it. For Jack Vapor, whenever he was near her, loved no one as well as she; and he was often near her, although the Major himself was not much of a friend or patron. Both these high officers had been reared in the same rank and precedence in diplomatic controversies. The Major maintained, that in consequence of the big feather on his hat, he was a greater man than Jack Vapor, while Jack was just as certain, that as the architect was distinguished for construction, and the soldier only for destruction, they should take precedence accordingly. Although the architect had never constructed any thing, nor the Major destroyed any thing, they had continued the controversy before the council and citizens for more than a year and a day.

The good little Kate, with her fire-flashing eyes, was not altogether of the opinion of her father. Whenever she could, in the twilight of morning or evening, she looked out of that window of her house which was opposite to the house of the Vapors. The whole street was not three paces wide, as if made especially for lovers, so that they might whisper back and forth without being heard by the people who sauntered through the street below.

They whispered here for some time; they said a great many pretty things, and Jack complained at times of what he had often before lamented, that the street was not a pace or two smaller, so that he might kiss, or at least shake the hand of the dear Katy. He had even gone so far, since he had been town-architect, as to swear to his lovely neighbour, that he would some time or other build a bridge from his casement to hers, which no one within a hundred miles of Lulenburg would be able to find. Thus far he had contented himself with the mere threat, although Catharine had never expressed the least objection to the enterprise.

This bridge-building again entered Jack's noddle, when the beauty, with the flaming eyes, continued to tell him, among other things, that she was very glad to see him or any other man, for she was all alone in the house and nearly terrified. The project of storming the castle of Major Knoll had never seized Jack so forcibly as now, when the garrison was left exposed. He called upon the stars for permission to construct his air-bridge, and pass over it, and without waiting for an answer—there was a plank near at hand—he fell to at his daring work. It is true the beauty was not a little uneasy at the danger of this projected air-voyage; but the architect was determined to keep up the dignity of his calling, and be an architect in fact. He blessed the art of architecture as practised in Lulenburg, because it brought people into such neighbourly relationship; laid the plank from window to window, and crept cautiously upon all fours out into the open air. No one could discover him, since it was already dark night.

This darkness, as advantageous as it was, had still a few little drawbacks. For Catharine, as she cautiously drew one end of the plank into her cham-

did not observe that she drew it a little too far; and guildmaster Pretzel, a potter by trade, did not observe what a tempest was sweeping over him, as he drove through the street below, his wagon full of earthenware, destined for the annual fair of a neighbouring market.

How often adverse circumstances conspire to defeat the best laid schemes of mortals was seen in this instance. The bridge lost its stand-point on the Vaporish window. The plank slid, and although Miss Catharine held fast with both hands, and pulled with might and main, still the architect would fall.

Jack Vapor came down to the great danger of guildmaster Pretzel's pots; and fortunately, or unfortunately, though he kept himself whole, he metamorphosed the ware into the strangest shapes. This occasioned such a fearful crackling and crashing, that the guildmaster, who walked quietly beside his horses, thought, if the whole heavens were not falling down, some house was certainly undergoing the process. The horses, no less frightened, gave one furious leap, and were soon out of the street in the park before the Council-house.

The guildmaster, curious as to how much of his wagon would be left, held fast, and was in the act of making an investigation, when, to his no small astonishment, he saw a man spring from the back part of the wagon, carrying with him, in the midst of a terrible crackling, some dozen or more of the pots. It was plain to him now that this had been some thieves' trick, or the work of the devil. With great presence of mind, he ran to seize the perpetrator of it, who, as we know, was no other than the town-architect. But, instead of him—Jack had slipped off to avoid unpleasant observation—the angry potter grabbed the shoemaker, Mr. Awl, a deserving head-guildmaster, whose Fate led him, reasonably as it appeared, on his way from the Council-chamber to his house, to pass the place where lay the unfortunate wagon. Mr. Pretzel seized the high-guildmaster with such lusty vehemence, and grappled him so fast, that he could not move. A boa-constrictor could not have embraced him more warmly than the potter, who then, with a voice which might have been heard far beyond the city gates, cried out "Help! Robbers! Murderers! Thieves!"

The hard-pressed shoemaker, who, indeed, had great occasion to shelter himself from this clamour, did not miss the opportunity. The public peace was never broken more maliciously. Feeling both his innocence and his danger, he shouted out in emulation of his raving companion, "Death! Fury! Murder! Banditti! Thieves!"

This shrieking, the like of which had not been heard for a full century in Lulenburg, spread a panic of fear over the whole neighbourhood. Every body bolted his doors and windows from within with the greatest nimbleness, while they conjectured that there was a whole band of robbers in the streets, or that, after the fashion of other countries, a revolution had broken out. Those who were loi-

tering in the streets flew hastily in the opposite direction, lest they should be put to death in the fisticuff. At the gates, the town watchmen, mostly old paralytic men, whom the praiseworthy magistrates fed at public expense, grasped their halberds tremblingly, flew to the watch-house, barricaded themselves in, and then swore that they would die each for all, and all for each, if they should be invaded and caught. Major Knoll, even, who was accidentally returning home that way, took the alarm, and fancying that he heard robbers and murderers calling to each other, tore the big feather from his hat, lest some of the band should take him for a military person, and fled panting back to the town-house.

When in this way no one came to the help of the combatants, they shouted a good half hour longer, until their voices became hoarse. In the mean time, they had tried their strength against each other in manifold ways; more than once had they rolled over each other on the hard ground, more than once had the fight been renewed without either of them gaining a decided victory. Neither was willing to let the other go. They dragged one another, both with the same design, to the house of a butcher near by, who was the godfather of both of them; and after many entreaties that the door should be opened, it was done. The butcher thought that he heard the well-known voices of some of his fellow citizens who had escaped the blood-bath in the streets. But as the shoemaker and the potter came to recognize each other by the candlelight, without loss of time they redoubled their clatter; for their respective guilds had been old enemies, and each believed for a certainty that the other had played him a bad trick out of mere revenge.

Meanwhile Jack Vapor, in anxiety and fear, had made the best of his way out of the town, not wishing to lead the much-bruised potter, by whom he supposed he was followed, to his own house. He forgot Rosina, and the almonds and confectionary of the betrothal, and Catharine at the window, and her amazement over the contemplation of an empty plank. He wandered about the whole evening, and found, when he supposed it would be safe for him to return home, that the town gates were closed. This troubled him uncommonly, for it now occurred to him that he had left his friends and followers locked in at home. He passed the night at a little tavern out of town, where he gave out that he had been belated while taking a walk.

JACK VAPOR.

On the following morning he returned in good time to the town, but not without trepidation. Sometimes he dreaded that the proud Chamberlain Pipham would revenge his absenting himself from the betrothal, and at times he suspected that some circumstance had betrayed him to Potter Pretzel, as the author of the mischief done to his ware. But

he hoped to get through the difficulty by means of his peculiar self-assurance.

Thus far, every thing in Lulenburg went well; but as he came to his residence, he found before it three messengers from a neighbouring village, who had already waited for him more than an hour. The first announced hastily that a fire had broken out in the village, and that they had diligently looked after him, to send an engine, inasmuch as he had the keys of the engine houses. The second continued that three houses were already burned down, but that many fire-engines had arrived from the surrounding country. And the third concluded by saying that fortunately the fire was extinguished in about half an hour.

Jack Vapor stroked his chin thoughtfully, and said to the peasants, who reverentially stood before him with their hats off, "You asses, if the whole village had been burned down, you would have been guilty; for you ought to have come here at the proper time, before the fire had caught, so that something could have been done for you in *season*. In that case, I should not have gone out, or passed the night in the country. Still, it is well that the fire is extinguished. At another time, you must announce it before it breaks out, so that we can have time beforehand to put the engines in order. So go home, and tell my decision to your principals."

He had scarcely dismissed them, and taken his breakfast, when he was sought by one of his uncles, who had taken so much pleasure at the betrothal feast of yesterday. He came with a commission from Mr. Chamberlain Pipham, who had taken the absence of the architect so sorely that he could hardly speak with politeness, to the effect, that, as to the betrothal, marriage and son-in-lawship it must be dropped now and for ever; that he must henceforth make no pretensions to the hand of the worthy little humped back Rosina, and that he must take care how he crossed the threshold of the much-injured Chamberlain, if he would avoid the risk of making a rough exit by the window.

As it concerned the hand of the beautiful Rosina, Jack comforted himself very soon; nor did the threatened expulsion from the window make any particular impression upon him, seeing that his first attempt in that way had been so successful. But the displeasure of the Chamberlain was not so agreeable. He was undoubtedly a man of influence in the council of the town and republic, and very properly so, since with all his ignorance, he was one of the richest men in the place.

The uncle, however, gave him to understand that he would not have found the Chamberlain so severe upon his heedlessness, but for the sly Town Secretary, who had sedulously inflamed the wrath of the Chamberlain by his wicked insinuations. Mr. Muckle in fact reckoned upon coming into possession of Rosina and her treasury himself: besides that for other reasons he was not a good friend of Vapor's, because when he was soliciting the office of Secretary, and made his regular round of supplicating visits to the worthy magistrates,

Jack, under the pretence of clearing him of a few blots that had been sprinkled upon him, had rubbed them in with lampblack. Muckle was not the man who could forget an offence of this kind even after twenty years. He used very few words, but, as they were accustomed to say in Lulenburg, he had big ears; looked no one in the eye when he spoke; but always smiled very obligingly, particularly in the church when he was saying his prayers behind his hat; was therefore, on account of his agreeable and meagre appearance, a little vain; and asserted with immovable self-confidence, that no scribe in Europe wrote so graceful a hand as he.

Jack Vapor, that same day, felt not only the remarkable effects of his recent invasion of the sharp crockery of the potter, but also that Secretary Muckle suspected that no one but Jack Vapor could have been the author of the mischief. Muckle, in truth, as soon as he had learned the story from his neighbour, the guildmaster, had gone to make a personal inspection of the premises where the affair occurred, and had found among the traces of the crockery before the door of the Town-Architect's house, one of the mother-of-pearl buttons from his coat. This fact, and Vapor's singular non-appearance at the betrothal, seemed to stand in the closest relation to each other. It was soon reported that the Secretary of the Council was about to bring charges against Jack Vapor, both on account of this aggression, for the disturbance of the public peace, and for not having sent the engines to the fire. The Architect, not at all terrified, took the threat quite easily; and although Chamberlain Pipham, Guildmaster Pretzel, the whole kin of the Pastor, and many others having similar grievances, swelled the party of the Secretary, Jack Vapor, nothing daunted, confided in his luck like a Cæsar, and in his eloquence like a Cicero. He distributed, however, a protest, if not against the Secretary, still against the long hair-tail, upon which, as the longest in Lulenburg, the Secretary prided himself, although he was not bound, as a burgomaster was, by the nature of his office, to wear a long pigtail. Already this tail had become a stone of offence to many judicious citizens, and a certain patriotic butcher had more than once sworn that he would hew it from the top of his head.

The news of this protest spread quickly over the town; for, according to the custom of Lulenburg, whatever passed in the Council of Lulenburg, was told with solemn confidence from mouth to ear, and ear to mouth, until every inhabitant of both sexes was let into the secret. The inquisitive and tattling people were made quite happy by this, and used to spend a good deal of money in the gazettes.

Both parties prepared themselves, and awaited the approaching day for holding the Council, with great anxiety. The sessions were held once a week. The government in the mean while went on very well, and the republic was governed in the best way without any trouble. One burgomaster, on the ordinary week days would sell coffee and spices, another would fabricate ribbons, the Cham-

berlain poured out wine, one Councilman made sausages, another bread, &c. &c.; enough that every one was busy, and knew that the material interests of the state were better promoted in this

way than by all the scribblings in Chancery, or the brawlings of the Council-House.

(To be continued.)

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LAUREL HILL.

(See Plate.)

"Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration
What is now due debt."—SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*.

"Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can,
And make him with our pikes and parisons
A grave."—*Ibid*.

On a former occasion we presented our readers with a view of the beautiful group of statuary by Thom, which adorns the entrance to the splendid cemetery of Laurel Hill. But he who has only seen the sculptured legend of Old Mortality, has seen but one of a thousand beauties which commend this lovely spot, not only to the man of taste, but to all who entertain one of the purest sentiments of humanity, reverence for the dead.

The graphic pencil of Croome enables us now to conduct our readers within the inclosure, and show them a portion of the cemetery and of the prospect down the Schuylkill from the highest part of the grounds. This view affords a few examples of the variety of styles adopted by those who, from time to time, have testified their affection and respect for the departed by the decorations of the sculptor's art which they have lavished upon their monuments, and at the same time it exhibits a characteristic specimen of the rural beauties of the place. Our friend Croome has shown his usual good taste in the selection of his point of view, and his usual skill in the delineation of the striking features of the scene. But no painter—no poet can do full justice to the beauties of Laurel Hill. There is something in the atmosphere of the place which comes over the spirit like echoed music or remembered affection, soothing even the most worldly minded into religious awe and the desire of a happy immortality. A funeral here is not like a funeral in any other place. The quiet and still air of the scenery—the measured sounds of the funeral service in that beautiful chapel, far removed from the din of worldly business and turmoil, the noiseless tread of the mourners on the smooth turf, as they follow the departed, slowly winding their way among those marble mementoes of our common destiny, while the "ever whispering pines" send forth their soul-like music over head, and the weeping willows bend to the passing breeze—these give a character and tone to the funeral services of this favoured spot, such as we may look for in vain where pomp and noise, the glitter of metropolitan processions and the roar of national cannon attend the great and famous of Europe to their last home. Père la Chaise boasts more costly monuments, but it is not

so desirable a resting place for "the weary sojourner of earth," as Laurel Hill.

We could expatiate for hours upon this theme, but believing that our readers may entertain some curiosity with respect to the origin and history of this cemetery, we prefer to offer them a few facts respecting it, which we have been at some pains to collect.

The project of a rural cemetery for Philadelphia originated with Mr. John J. Smith, Jr. in the year 1835. He buried a lovely daughter in the city in March of that year, and was much distressed to find the coffin deposited in the clay soil, the grave partially filled with water. It is a fact that most of the grave yards of Philadelphia, if, indeed, *all* are not so, are found to consist of clay, such as is used for making brick; when a grave is dug, the hollow becomes a *cup*, the bottom and sides retain the water; and our citizens, without knowing it, or inquiring into the subject, have for a century practised a mode of interment as revolting as that of New Orleans, where the bodies were for a long period deposited in the saturated moist morass on which the city is built. Subsequent investigation having satisfied Mr. Smith of these facts, and that the city of Philadelphia had been increasing of late years at such a rate that the living population had multiplied beyond the means of accommodation for the dead, he called a meeting of five citizens on the 14th of November 1835, to consult on the feasibility of the plan. Of the gentlemen who met, three others besides Mr. Smith expressed their approbation of the plan, and determined to prosecute it. The original and present managers are John J. Smith, Jr., Nathan Dunn, Benjamin W. Richards, and Frederick Brown.

Subsequent applications to many others to lend their aid and countenance to the project were made, but all, while they generally approved the project in itself, declined advancing pecuniary aid, on the plea that our citizens were too much attached to the customs of their ancestors, to the churches, and so forth, ever to countenance so great an innovation. Nowise discouraged, these four gentlemen proceeded to seek for a suitable site for the cemetery, and at length in February 1836, the infant

association was successful in purchasing a place in every respect the best in our vicinity for the purpose, situated on the river Schuylkill, about four miles from the city. It embraces within its circuit a series of beautiful views of surrounding water and land prospects, unrivalled in picturesque beauty. The soil is a dry gravel mixed with loam, varied in occasional spots by a still drier substance, a disintegrated soft rock.

A large outlay, amounting to little less than *one hundred thousand dollars*, without calculating interest, having been made with judgment and great taste, a fine Doric entrance built, a Gothic chapel erected, trees and shrubs in great number, and of choice and expensive varieties having been planted, a very expensive wall and beautiful fences completed, an act of incorporation was obtained from the legislature of Pennsylvania. While, however, these expensive improvements were going on, great doubts were expressed by many of the success of the undertaking, and we have seen the memoranda of Mr. Smith, made in the autumn of 1836, in which even his sanguine disposition is made to feel doubtful of a pecuniary return. But the subject of decent interment is one of universal interest, because all have lost relatives or friends whose last resting place has made more or less impression upon survivors. As soon as this beautiful spot was enclosed and surveyed mathematically into separate plots, it was opened for sale to individual purchasers. The public voice at once responded to the usefulness of the undertaking, purchasers flocked in by hundreds; all doubt of success was dissipated. The first four years saw the books of the company registered with the names of eight hundred of our most responsible families in every walk of life, thus preparing for themselves a place of decent sepulture, apart from the crowded and thronged walks of the city, where the dead repose not, except surrounded by noises of discordant cries, the rumbling of carts and fire-engines, and immersed in their clayey, moist beds.

No place of this kind, we venture to say, has ever received so spontaneous a flow of patronage; the dead were removed from their narrow and confined receptacles in the town to this rural "daisied" repository, by friends, anxious, with that natural and true feeling of the human mind, conspicuous even among the savage red men of America, to provide a suitable place of deposit for departed mortality, where their remains could rest secure from desecration till time should do its work.

The first person interred at Laurel Hill was *Mrs. Mercy Carlisle*, wife of Abraham Carlisle. She had frequently viewed the improvements as they proceeded, and exacted from one of her family a promise that she should be interred under a beautiful group of five large Weymouth pines in the centre of the ground. In three weeks from the date of her solemnly expressed wish, she was a corpse, and with pious care was interred according to her wish; her husband and two grandchildren now sleep beside her remains.

Laurel Hill, in addition to its very numerous and peculiar attractions has a hallowed interest by possessing monuments over the remains of some of our most eminent American citizens, whose names attract universal homage. Among these, conspicuous above others, is an obelisk of granite to commemorate the virtues of *Charles Thomson*, the first and long the confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress, who obtained the enviable name of "the Man of Truth" both from the white man and the Indian natives. His signature gave currency to every thing he authenticated. He died at the advanced age of 95. His remains were brought from their neglected resting place on his own farm in Montgomery county, and a handsome tribute paid to his memory by his nephew and heir, John Thomson, Esq., of Newark, Delaware. In an article limited as ours is for space, we can barely enumerate a few other worthies who here repose.

General Hugh Mercer, who fell in the glorious cause of American freedom at the battle of Princeton, has been removed to this cemetery, and a monument erected by his countrymen. It is the large structure near the centre of the plot.

Commodore Isaac Hull selected Laurel Hill for his last resting place, and his widow is now engaged in carrying out the minute directions left by the Commodore as to the improvements he desired.

Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, has also been brought to this necropolis, and a handsome monument erected over his remains by the Mercantile Library Company.

Joseph S. Lewis, to whom our citizens are indebted for the introduction of Schuylkill water, here rests under a superb mausoleum with a most exquisite *alto-relievo* representation of our city water works, and a suitable inscription.

Julius R. Friedlander, the friend of the friendless blind, *John Vaughan*, and other friends of mankind, are suitably commemorated by obelisks.

More recently the remains of *Isaac R. Jackson, Esq.*, late representative of our country at the court of Denmark, were deposited here; and a monument suitable to his distinguished merit and rank will soon mark the spot where they repose.

The beautiful custom of planting flowers over and around the graves of departed friends, is here practised with great taste. The planting of the cemetery has received the most sedulous care of Mr. Smith, whose personal attention on the spot has been unremitted for seven years. The curator informs us that Mr. S. has planted with his own hands twenty-four hundred trees, shrubs and roots; an attention to this department which has already made Laurel Hill to approach more to the character of an arboretum than any other similar spot.

"Honour to them," says a recent writer, "who have improved the public taste of our city by opening gardens like that at Laurel Hill, where dust to its narrow house may peacefully retire, and the winds of heaven may pour through the branching trees solemn music for its requiem."

JACK VAPOR, THE BUSY BODY.

A DUTCH STORY.—IN TWO PARTS.

(Concluded from p. 91.)

THE BUSY BODY.

THE great day at last appeared, when the dangerous state of the republic was to be considered. Adventures like those of the last week had from time immemorial never happened. Jack had not been idle. He had paid court to all the handsome girls in town, and had sworn that it was only for their sakes that he had sacrificed to the humpbacked daughter of the Chamberlain: The grateful maidens had therefore provoked their mothers, the mothers their husbands, and the husbands their obliging friends of the council, against the indecently long queue of the Town-Secretary. Every one expected with fear and trembling the issue of these things. As soon as the town clock had struck the hour, all the Lulenburgs and Lulenburgeresses were at the Council house, in spirit if not in body. Many mechanics left their work-benches, the smith his anvil, the miller his mill, the weaver his loom, to wait in the park before the Town-house the coming forth of the learned gentlemen who would let them know confidentially what would be the probable turn of affairs.

The Council had assembled with its full complement of members. During the first silence the eyes of all wandered restlessly towards one or the other of the heads of both parties, but particularly towards the Secretary, before whom there lay on the table several pots of earthenware and a mother-of-pearl button.

After the preliminary business had been disposed of, Muckle took the floor, and brought forward his charges.

"Where shall I find words," said he, "to paint the ruin which the unquiet spirit of one of our own citizens has brought upon the republic. Since the founding of Rome and of Lulenburg many men had lived; but not one of all had been able in so short a time, with such small means, and on so limited a theatre, to work so much mischief as Jack Vapor. Yes, oh fathers of your country, I name him, because already the children in the streets point to him as the author of all evil. Where is there a house which has not something to complain of him? Are secrets betrayed, it is Jack Vapor who does it! Is there back-biting, Jack Vapor helps it along! Do the nobility quarrel, Jack Vapor has set them on! If a plan miscarries, Jack Vapor is the man who thwarts it! Is a betrothal broken off, Jack Vapor has a hand in the sport! Is an enterprise wrecked, it is all through the awkwardness of this same Jack

Vapor! He was born for the misery of mankind, has his nose everywhere, goes everywhere, will know all things, do all things, improve all things, and bring all things into confusion."

After this opening, the orator illustrated his points by many citations from the well-known history of the town, and spoke of recent adventures, of the fire, of the smashed crockery, of the fierce encounter between the guildmasters, of the immeasurable astonishment of the whole town, and of the detrimental effect of this upon nervous persons—the sick and lying-in women. He spoke so movingly that guildmaster Pretzel could not withhold his tears at the reference to the broken pots; so ardently that chamberlain Pipham became fiery-red in the face, and shoemaker Awl clenched his fists. Even Jack Vapor himself for a moment seemed to lose his imperturbable elevation and peace of mind.

But he soon came to, and began his defence with great dignity and clearness, to wit,—that from an old pot and a pearl button which he might have lost in the streets, they could prove nothing against him; that his intimacy in the families of the neighbourhood was only a proof of the strength of his affection for his fellows, and the profound love with which he regarded every thing that related to Lulenburg. As it concerned the fire, the fault was not his that the engines came too late, since the misfortune was not spoken of until after it had happened. But even if the engines had made their appearance, the conflagration would not have been less, because the machines had fallen to pieces from age, and were so rotten that they would not hold a cup of water.

The Secretary replied to him with vehemence, to the effect that Jack Vapor was to a certainty the author of all evil. "To such an extent, oh! fathers of your country," he went on, "has this man carried it, that no persuasions are necessary to make me believe that the bloody Turkish war, that the pestilence in Poland, that the terrible earthquake in Calabria, that the last great storm, that the swallowing up of the Spanish fleet by the sea, that all, in short, are not to be ascribed to Jack Vapor! Since he came within our walls, confusion, discord, parties and tears have been the order of the day. Lulenburg still stands; but we, oh! fathers, shall yet behold its unhappy ruin, if we do not forthwith banish this Jack Vapor beyond the sea. Has he not brought us difficulties and terrors enough? Would you excite a civil war, murder and conflagration—the overthrow of this excellent Council-house—the

reduction of our dwellings to ashes?" Then Muckle went on to elaborate an image of destruction, which made the hair of every listener, even of the noble Jack Vapor himself, stand on end with fright, and all believed that another siege of Jerusalem was to be enacted at the very gates of Lulenburg.

Anxiety, fear, doubt and revenge shone in every countenance. Some sank down half powerless upon their seats; others, with outstretched nostrils swelled with courage, and cast deadly glances at the poor Town-Architect; others in stupid astonishment wished to fly that they might save themselves in time, or crawled on their bended knees under the benches; while others longed to give the word to put Jack Vapor to death, only their voices were so thick with excessive indignation that they did not succeed in making themselves heard.

Suddenly the door of the chamber opened, and the messenger came in with a letter in his hand bearing a monstrous great seal. He gave it to the chief burgomaster, and said that a courier from His Highness the Prince of Lichtenstein had brought it. Then the ears of all were eagerly stretched forward. The burgomaster laid the letter down, giving it a majestic look, and mysteriously whispering on both sides, "Despatches from his high Mightiness." The good Lulenburgers burned with curiosity, and hung with their eyes fixed upon the great seal. The siege of Jerusalem appeared to have been soon forgotten.

As the presiding burgomaster unfolded the letter, those who sat next to him drew as near as they could, and others, that they might not lose a single syllable or breath, discreetly rushed forward from their seats, so that they came to sit upon the laps of the former. The whole chamber was empty except just around the Master, where head crowded upon head. There reigned the stillness of death. Although Lulenburg had had some business intercourse with the Principality of Lichtenstein, it had never before happened that the Prince had written directly to the Council of the republic. The burgomaster very properly divined that the message must relate to some affair of unusual importance.

He began to read, but in a low and trembling voice suitable to the solemnity of the circumstances. As those who sat behind did not perfectly understand the first words, they called out "Read louder! louder!" By that means, those who were in front were disturbed, and unanimously ordered the others to be still. Thereupon the hindmost quite lost all that had been read, and repeated their calls for a louder enunciation, while some demanded that the reader should begin again at the beginning. The foremost grew impatient, and again commanded silence. This calling back and forth grew stronger until at last all were provoked into a tumult, and each one tried to raise above the voice of his neighbour, in order to persuade them to silence. Then those behind, convinced that those in front had the advantage in being near to the reader, moved forwards; and among others, Jack Vapor, as quick as lightning, sat himself directly under the nose of the

burgomaster. The Secretary shouted until he became cherry-brown in the face, that Jack Vapor had crowded him out of his place; but it was in vain; for others had been crowded out in the same way. Now arose a frightful pushing and tearing and storming, in the midst of cursing and swearing, and praying and sighing, for the restoration of order.

In this tumultuous movement the burgomaster had the most to bear, for against him, as the centre, they pressed from all directions. He determined, however, that he would make himself heard in spite of the storm. He rose with majestic indignation, and that he might overtop the crowd, stood up upon his chair. But while he was expressing his just anger with a thundering voice, an indiscriminating push of the multitude struck the throne from under his legs, and he came down among the herd, like a proud oak among an undergrowth of shrubs. His peruke, which, rich in powder and pomatum, coloured the face of the collector of the customs, and made him rub his eyes out, was seized by the latter in his wrath, and converted into a weapon of offence and defence. The sight of this and its efficacy, excited others to the wicked imitation of the example. Soon no peruke was any longer safe upon its head; one after another they flew over the heads of the mob, like mist, scattering clouds above, and cries of pain and murder among those engaged below.

In this melancholy confusion of affairs, the great and long-prepared design against the hair-tail of the Secretary was ripened. One of the Councilmen, a tailor by trade, took out his shears, and followed the Secretary as he ran about in the tumult like a long tailed rat. In a jiffy, the tail was separated from his head, without the least misgiving on his part until it gave him a stroke in the face. Some one had borne away the trophy from the malicious tailor, and as it was about a yard long, made use of it as a whip.

When the Secretary saw his pigtail at the mercy of strangers, and by a quick grasp of the back of his neck, concluded that he had lost his treasure for ever, he raised a sorrowful cry, and with eyes full of tears, and hands raised to Heaven, called its avenging thunder down upon the head of the transgressor. He would not have tormented himself as much for the loss of his head itself as he did for the loss of his hair! His howling was so unearthly that he frightened the whole assembly in the height of their fray, all quarrels were forgotten, and, keeping silence, they surrounded the Miserable One. But when they found out that neither arm nor leg was wanting to him, and that only his illegal and official tail was gone, they all laughed most provokingly, the perukes were restored to their proper owners, and each one regularly resumed his seat on the benches.

The burgomaster shook his head ominously at the recent disorder, which made his rough wig look like the head of Medusa or Titus. Still these lively debates were no unheard of thing in Lulenburg, and

so no fuss was made about this affair. They saw in it only an expression of citizen-like independence and true republican freedom of manners. Each one took his own hair back, and kept his clothes together, wherever they were torn, with his fingers. The Secretary laid his defunct tail near the pot and button on the table, drying his eyes with a coloured pocket handkerchief. All awaited, with renewed reverence, the reading of the princely letter. But this, during the pulling and hauling, had been torn into many pieces. They carefully gathered the scattered particles, laid them on the desk before the burgomaster, and left it to his wisdom to decypher the contents.

This was no easy task, for the pieces were so manifold that a single sentence of the writing could not be made out. The Council were thrown into a great strait and embarrassment. Three times the burgomaster put the question, as to what answer should be sent back to Lichtenstein, and three times the enlightened assembly shook their heads. At last Jack Vapor rose up, and proposed that they should announce to His Princely Highness that his message had been received and lost, and that a noble and learned magistrate should entreat him to be good enough to write his commands a second time.

Jack's advice would have been adopted, had not Muckle, who all the while had been collecting the scattered pieces of the letter, begun to read from them the following words,—“Take—Jack Vapor—the dog—a thousand guilders—the price—of his head”—

Every body listened with mute astonishment. “There,” cried the Secretary, “there is no longer any doubt. Jack Vapor has again been perpetrating some silly trick which will perhaps bring misfortune upon all Lulenburg. The Prince, as it appears to me, commands us that we should take Jack Vapor. He himself calls him a dog outright, and sets a price of a thousand guilders upon his head. This Jack Vapor has undoubtedly had his hand again in some forbidden and uncalled for affair, which did not concern him. But it wont do to eat cherries with great lords. Without pretending to dictate, my advice is, that you secure the accused in a prison, until the Prince has been informed that the Council were ready to make every satisfaction, and for that purpose had seized the much offending Jack Vapor.”

The proposal of the Secretary was adopted with unanimity, as much as Jack protested against it, and averred that he had never in his life had any thing to do with the Prince. They ordered the constables, who were reckoned among their partizans to seize him. The Major pulled his big feather a little further out of his hat, put himself at the head of his troops, and led the condemned, amid a large concourse of people, to the town-jail.

The intelligence of the arrest of the Town-Architect, and of the anger of the Prince of Lichtenstein caused the most incredible surmises. Every man cudgelled his brains to find out in what respect Jack Vapor had offended. Indeed, the perplexity was so absorbing that they did not once miss the yard-long tail lost from the head of the Secretary. They talked only of Jack Vapor, the busy body, and no one seemed to doubt his probable execution. Some conjectured that he would be beheaded, others that he would be hung, and still others that he would only be burnt. Many gave out that the solemnity would not be observed in Lulenburg but at the princely residence instead, and others rejoiced at this, since it would furnish them a good excuse and pretence for visiting the residence. Several agreed with others that they would make the journey in company so as to save expense. All the carriages and horses in the town, at that early day, were bespoken and laid under an embargo. The tailor was called in, and measures taken for new clothes.

Still there was mingled with these considerations and early preparations, some christian pity, when they thought of the delinquent, who now waiting his death, pined in the prison. Jack Vapor, whom every body knew, who had more or less busied himself in every household; Jack Vapor, whom every mother had disposed of, or wished for a son-in-law; whom all the girls looked at askant in the street, but always with the most friendly eyes in private; Jack Vapor, a vivacious companion at the table, an elegant speaker in council, a chatterer over his coffee among aunts and cousins, the most zealous respondent in church; Jack Vapor, the All in all, the Alcibiades of Lulenburg, in prison!!

The quiet anguish of compassion first seized the daughters, then the mothers, and finally the men. Scarcely had the darkness of evening arrived, when many a pretty young woman, who at other times would fly the presence, and hardly hear the naked name of an unmarried man without blushing, would trip along the street of the jail with moist eyes, to convey something to the “poor sinner,” as they now called the Architect. One brought sausages, another sugar candy, a third little pasties, and a fourth confections and raisins.

“Oh! merciful heaven!” cried the old women, the maid-servants and the little chimney-sweeps, who had remarked this, “already his hangman’s-mealtime has come.” Throughout the entire citizen class there was now no delay. This hangman’s-meal, or farewell meal that we speak of, was a custom observed of old by the Lulenburgers towards a criminal sentenced to death. Some day before the execution it was their wont to send in all manner of eatables and drinkables, whether he wished them or not. As the prison at this time was on a level with the street, and a hole had been broken in the wicker-work of the window, through which things could be conveyed from without, (no one being

allowed to open the prison-door without a special permit from the authorities) the place in front of the building was thronged till midnight with givers. Bread and cookies of all sorts, hams, sausages, roast goose, chickens, ducks, pigeons, pastry, apples, pears, &c., then bottles of beer and wine, flasks of liqueur, smelling-bottles, crawled through the hole. The grocer provided the "poor sinner" with salt, pepper, cheese, butter, and smoking and snuffing tobacco, so that the Town-Architect was in danger of being stuck fast in the midst of the enormous quantities of things which were poked through to him. But he did not suffer himself to be seen by the philanthropic donors, and never answered a word to their expressions of condolence. "He is so ashamed," they said with great tenderness of feeling, "that he keeps himself back there in the dark."

For once this tenderness was in error, for the Town-Architect was not in the town-prison. When the Major about midday had led him forth, he found the prison in the best condition, but badly preserved. The door could neither be locked nor bolted, inasmuch as both lock and bolt had rusted away the mouldy wood. But this was not a consequence of any neglect of duty on the part of the worthy magistrates of the republic, but because of a forty year old lawsuit between the town and the county (*i. e.* several neighbouring villages) relating to the question, whether the expense of prisoners should be borne by the town, which possessed the right to imprison, or by the county, the inhabitants of which had the privilege of being imprisoned. It had never entered into the thought of man that a citizen of the town should be condemned to jail. This lawsuit had been conducted by the Great Council of the republic for forty years, and was not yet terminated. Every year the administration of the town or the administration of the county gave a reconciliation feast, on the strength of the so called "undetermined expenses," and thereby the contending parties were happily moderated and harmonized. But although the wine and roast meat of the said reconciliation feast tasted very nicely to both parties, the reconciliation itself was never brought about, partly because they feared they might lose the prospect of new feasts for the future, and partly because they feasted at the cost of the one that was in the wrong, yet neither of them would be in the wrong.

The Major immediately perceived, by means of his characteristic sagacity, the little deficiency in the door, so that instead of locking it, he nailed it first, covering the nail, at the instigation of the Secretary, with the public seal. A watchman, one of their partizans, was placed outside to remain all the while. The captive as soon as he was in, put this cogent question to the watchman:—"how a prisoner was to comport himself in certain straits which naturally happen to every body?" The watchman considering the question, thought it important enough to run after the Major and Secretary, who were not far distant, to procure their solution

of the difficulty. During his absence, the Architect examined the construction of the door, and as the hinge, where it was not nailed and sealed, easily came out of the worm-eaten posts, he walked forth, and then putting the hinge back in its place, slipped out of a side door, without being remarked.

The faithful watchman returned with the unfeeling command of the Major, that the prisoner might deport himself in the circumstances alluded to, in the best way he could. Thereupon the sentinel disclosed his sincere compassion; and as the prisoner did not answer a syllable, he continued a quarter of an hour comforting him, and giving him good advice, when he ceased, contenting himself from time to time in inspecting the nail and the seal.

THE BUSY BODY.

It was a very masterpiece of travelling which the architect performed from the prison, through the town, to his own dwelling. He reached the back court of the Town-house by means of a spacious pen, which had an outlet to the next street. In this pen the hogs belonging to the government were fattened, which hogs Jack took occasion to give the liberty to come out into the open air. Then he sprang into a bakery that communicated by means of a gate near the top, with the houses standing upon the further street. He flew nimbly up the stairs, found the gate barricaded by a parcel of meal sacks, shoved the sacks off into the street with all his might, and before the sixth sack had reached the ground, was on the other side of the gate, down into the street, and over the way to the house of the Major, from which, fuming and blowing, he found a path to the place where not long before, Mr. Pretzell had had his singular misfortune with his crockery. Here was a new obstruction. The Major had built a new goose-pen across the path, in which, since he had taken to the feather-business, he confined immense flocks of geese. Fortunately the pen was not built in the massive order; and the wooden slats flew right and left, under the hands of the Architect, so that he was safe in his own house, before the geese, screaming and fluttering, for having gained their freedom, could testify their joy to the town.

So deeply absorbed were the Lulenburgers with the occurrences of the morning, that they seemed to have no thought about any thing else than the arrest of the Architect, the courier of the Prince, and the tearing of the despatch which had been sent to the council. Yet it must have occasioned some unusual remark when suddenly they saw the hogs of the beloved Council, burnt with a big L (for Lulenburg) wandering over the town; or when the air was darkened with clouds of meal from the falling and bursting sacks, or when at last the Major's flocks of geese flew screaming round the gable-ends of the houses. No one could make out why these wonders should happen all in the same neighbour-

hood, and about the same time. One person, a politician, suggested that the adherents of the condemned Architect designed to create a public uproar, and Secretary Muckle gave out that he would have believed it to be Jack Vapor himself at his old tricks, if he had not nailed and sealed him in almost the very moment that the hogs, the meal sacks, and the geese had made their first appearance in public.

On the following morning as the more thoughtful revolved the great deeds of their country, particularly the expected solemn execution, and all the accompanying circumstances, a courier rushed full gallop into the town with new despatches for the government. Instantly the town bell was sounded. The burgomaster and the Councilmen, in their gowns and swords, hastened to the extraordinary session with countenances full of profundity and seriousness. Many people ran inquisitively into the public park, and many more did so when they saw the coach of the Prince drive up, for the purpose, no doubt, of carrying away the prisoner.

The session was opened. The burgomaster laid out the letter, broke the great seal in the presence of the assembly, and began to read in a loud voice the following—

"We, Nickodemus, Prince of Lichtenstein, Count of Krohenburg, Baron of Dockfield, Lord of Sowwinkle and Foxtown, to the enlightened Burgomaster and Council of the noted town and republic of Lulenburg, send greeting. Most honourable, beloved, and true! We are sorry to learn that our message to you was lost, for it was to this effect—Whereas one of your accomplished citizens, named Jack Vapor, told one of our courtiers, that if he should only undertake it, he could teach a dog to speak, which would be particularly pleasing to us, so that no price would be too dear, if he succeeded in bringing our favourite dog *Fidèle*, to a knowledge of human speech, which is a very difficult matter, notwithstanding his natural aptness, seeing that the dog already comprehends the German fully, and has a smattering of Italian and French, we invite the aforesaid Jack Vapor, for a time, to our court, sending him a thousand guilders for his first experiment, and should this come to a head, should he succeed, we will make him High Counsellor, and Instructor to our princes, as soon as they grow big enough. And now we expect from you, most honourable, beloved and true! that you send this Jack Vapor to our court directly and without delay. Hereof fail not."

With mute signs of astonishment, the whole assembly listened to this annunciation. Not a soul, from the Secretary and First Councillor down to the doorkeeper, who did not keep his mouth wide open for two minutes after there was nothing more to be heard. Even the presiding burgomaster, when he laid down the letter, did not close his lips, and stared quite vaguely into the air.

Some wondered at the favourite dog of his Highness, which was already accomplished in three languages, others over the till now unknown skill-

fulness of Jack Vapor in teaching dogs to speak, others reverentially considered the dignity and offices to which the Architect had been suddenly raised just when he expected a contrary elevation, and others dreaded the revenge of the great man, translated from a prison to the neighbourhood of a throne, when he should once get the town and republic in his power. The dead silence of astonishment was soon changed into tumult, as each one wished to proclaim how that yesterday he had protested against the arrest of the Architect. No one was concerned in that, but Secretary Muckle. In the midst of all, some broke out in lofty praises of the godlike Jack Vapor, whom they called the Pride and Ornament of his native country, whilst others enumerated how, the evening before, from pure attachment, they had poked costly spices and drinks into the little hole in the lattice of the prison. Muckle chewed his pen in ignominy, and stood as the scapegoat of the nation. Even he was anxious to reconcile himself to his great enemy.

Accordingly he was the first to propose that a deputation of the Council be sent to fetch the distinguished High-Counsellor from the prison, and carry him in triumph to the town-house, then they must formally ask his pardon for the misunderstanding of yesterday, set him in the place of honour by the side of the presiding burgomaster, when the letter should be read to him; and lastly, would he, as he, *i. e.* the Secretary ought, crave his mercy, and commend his native land and his fellow citizens to his affection, so that Jack Vapor might never turn against Lulenburg, as Coriolanus once did against Rome.

Let no one wonder at this sudden change of opinion. Circumstances among them so easily altered principles, friendships, hatreds, oaths and inclinations, that he whom they would have yesterday trodden under foot, because of his misfortunes, to-day they would crawl upon all fours to propitiate. They call it the Way of the World, Politics, Prudence, and they find the practice of it profitable, so that it is diligently pursued.

JACK VAPOR.

Jack Vapor, who knew his fellow citizens very well, sat fearless and contented in his own house, where his old housekeeper supplied him with food. He knew that in a few days every thing would be changed; that his dear Lulenburgers, great in words, but little in deeds, even if he should be discovered, would not touch a hair of his head. He moreover comforted himself in the certain knowledge that he had never hurt a flea of the Prince's of Lichtenstein.

But when his faithful housekeeper, who went out from time to time to get the news of the town and the proceedings of council, told him the singular story that he had been dubbed High-Counsellor by

the Prince in order to instruct the favourite dog in the German grammatics; that a deputation of the Council had waited upon him in vain at the town jail; that the whole town was in an extraordinary amazement, both on account of his disappearance, and as to the mode in which it was effected, especially when it was shown, after the narrowest scrutiny, that neither wall nor window, neither nail nor seal, had been injured, Jack, we say, quite regretted his flight. But to bring the matter in its proper track, he dressed himself in his showiest, lighted his tobacco pipe, stationed himself conspicuously at the open window, smoked in comfort, and accosted in a friendly way every body that passed. By this he hit his mark; for each one stopped and gaped at him in surprise, the report flew swift as lightning over the town that the mysteriously-disappearing High-Counsellor was smoking his pipe at his window; and all ran thither to convince themselves of the truth of the report. In less than half an hour, the street was thronged with people from one end to the other, the *honourables* of the town hastened to the neighbourhood of his acquaintances and friends, head crowded upon head out of the windows, while the chimney sweeps, masons, carpenters and more daring boys, chose places on the roofs of the opposite houses, to see the new-made High-Counsellor, who considered the multitude with curiosity and pleasure, as though he were quite astounded by their respect.

With unwearied courage, the deputation from the

Council worked their way to his house through the throng in the streets. He received them with condescending kindness. The burgomaster had placed himself at their head, and opened his address with the words, "Mighty and well-born Lord High-Counsellor of the Prince! How shameful is it that our dear native town should prove what was said in the Scriptures to be true, 'that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.'" Upon this text the speaker spun out a long salutatory discourse, which in the midst of flattering compliments and excuses for the mistake of yesterday, ended with some wise advice. Thereupon the message of the Prince was disclosed. All the councillors wept tears of joy. The potential Architect made an exquisite reply, which lasted so long that the people had almost deserted the streets, and the deputation ceased to shed their tears of joy. Then appeared the coach of the Prince, and the High-Counsellor was informed that he was expected that very evening at the royal residence.

There was now no delay. Jack jumped into the royal carriage, and drove away, amid the mingled sobs and shouts of the population which had nourished so great a man.

What befel him at the court, and how he succeeded in his experiment of teaching the dog to speak, will be related in subsequent chronicles, i. e. if there are found readers enough of this first part of his memoir to induce the translator to undertake a second part.

HARRY CLINTON.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

My chum at Rome was Charles Arlington, an amateur painter. He had precisely that disposition which makes a comfortable inmate. No strong and obtrusive points of character or stereotyped manners vexed you in his presence. He was not one of those individuals whose feelings it is necessary to consult every moment for fear of giving offence. There was nothing angular and positive about Arlington. The clime in which he had so long sojourned had apparently melted the starch of northern prejudice quite away. Without being greatly admired or loved, he was liked by every one. Rome was crowded with strangers when he arrived, and he was glad to accept of a bed in the ante-room of my apartment, in the Piazza d'Es-pagna, until more commodious lodgings could be procured. In three days we were so nicely fixed that he determined to remain permanently. His easel was placed before a window that opened upon a broad clear vista between the dingy houses, in a light which he declared magnificent. Portfolios and prints littered the floor, and my hitherto prim and quiet room assumed a very artist-like and *negligé* aspect. I used to sit by the fire reading, while Arlington painted; and a most rational scene of tranquil enjoyment our quarters presented during those long dreamy mornings. My companion, who was something of a humorist, had amused himself by painting the walls in fresco, as he chose to dignify his rough but graphic designs. In one corner was depicted a well-filled bookshelf. It was a great diversion to us to watch visitors, whose eyesight was not the best, examine with astonishment the titles of this unique collection of books in effigy. They were in fact, the very last one would expect to encounter in Rome, and nearly all prohibited. Another device was a canary bird in a cage, with the door open, which naturally excited frequent observation. A few national portraits and emblems were scattered here and there, so that our *padrone* used to call the room *la camera Americana*. The daughter of one of our neighbours brought a bouquet every morning, and this with the fruit which remained from our breakfast, it was Arlington's business to arrange to the best advantage on the marble centre-table. He had disposed a few beautiful casts and oil paintings very gracefully around, and managed the curtains so as to produce that agreeable effect of light and shade which artists best understand. One rainy morning, instead of settling to his task as usual, he sallied out to finish a sketch of the celebrated Broken Bridge, which he was about to transfer to canvass, and I had resigned myself to at least three hours uninterrupted

wandering through the "Inferno," when the little flower girl thrust her head in at the door, saying that there was a gentleman in the hall very anxious to see Signor Carlo,—“I think he is an Englishman, and quite ill,—*poverino*,” added the child. I went out to explain the absence of my compatriot. The stranger was a finely formed and genteel young man, with a handsome face, although very thin and pale. I soon ascertained that he was an American, who came abroad for his health, and reached Rome only the night before, exhausted with his journey. He brought an introduction to Arlington, and his first and most anxious wish was to find comfortable lodgings. This was no easy thing at the moment; but so impatient was the young man that it was with difficulty I could persuade him to come in and rest himself. The sight of our cheerful fire and warm carpet seemed, however, to alter the invalid's mood at once. He threw off his cloak, and held his almost transparent hands to the fire with almost childish delight.

“How comfortable!” said he, “how like home!”

The last expression seemed to awaken the most cherished associations. He continued to gaze on the bright and flickering blaze absorbed in thought, and as the warmth pervaded his frame, and his eye unconsciously followed the quivering flame, I could easily fancy the tenor of his musings. He was calling to mind his hasty and cheerless journey across the continent, the stone-floors, vast and cold chambers, and days and nights of lonely wayfaring, with disease weighing on his heart; and all this was contrasted in his imagination, with the comforts and kindness of home. I began to feel a deep interest in the sufferer, and it occurred to me that the occupants of the rooms above might have a vacant apartment. I lost no time in suggesting an inquiry to my visitor, and in the course of an hour had the satisfaction to see him pleasantly quartered directly over us. Our studio, as he called it, continued, however, to be his favourite resort; and we soon found so much to awaken our sympathies in his character and condition that Clinton became our constant companion. When the weather was fine, we accompanied him to the Pincian Hill or St. Peter's. Sometimes he joined me in a visit to the Forum, and at others Arlington in one of his sketching excursions; but his health generally confined him to the fireside; and often, when in his own chamber, a knock on the floor would summon us to his aid. He still cherished hopes of recovery, and avoided as much as possible any allusion to his illness. In conversation he was spirited and interesting, and gained daily upon our regard by his

frank bearing and manly intelligence. One bright morning, Signor Carlo was putting the last touch to his Broken Bridge, and I was reading the last paragraph of Galignani's Messenger, when we were startled by a crash above us, and the fall of several heavy bodies. Without a word we hastened to our friend's apartment. He was sitting up in bed, trembling with excitement. On the floor were several broken vials, and in the centre of the room stood the hostess, pouring forth a volley of imprecations, and holding aloft an enormous broom, while the air was filled with dust. The rapid utterance of the landlady, and the violent fit of coughing which interrupted Clinton, prevented us, for several minutes, from ascertaining the real state of affairs. At length it appeared that the *padrona* had undertaken to sweep the room in order to save time to go to a *fiesta*. Her invalid lodger, not having Italian enough at command to make her understand his objection to the proceeding, had expostulated in vain, and, finally, enraged at her obstinacy, threw vial after vial, besides two or three large volumes and an inkstand, at her head, and this was the cause of the uproar. After matters were explained to the satisfaction of the belligerents, Arlington and myself retired highly entertained at the scene; but not a little surprised at such violence on the part of our quiet and sensible friend. When the latter joined us he seemed somewhat mortified at what had taken place; and soon proposed a walk.

"My poor mother," said he, as we went forth, "used to call me impulsive, and with good reason; I inherited her sanguine temper; that same impulse lost me a fortune and gained me a wife."

I was eager to know how this happened, and when we had found a sunny and retired path in the Villa Borghese, Clinton took my arm, and, as we strolled to and fro, thus explained his remark.

"My parents were quite delighted when a place was secured for me in the counting-house of Harrod & Co. I well remember the discourse of my father the evening before I commenced my apprenticeship. He told me that Mr. Harrod was a bachelor of enormous wealth, that his partners had all been clerks with him, and that I had nothing to do but conform and make myself useful, to experience similar good fortune. I followed this advice, and at the end of four years was a general favourite with the whole concern. Mr. Harrod treated me with great partiality. I soon discovered that pride was his foible, an indomitable sense of reputation, a passion for consideration in society and in trade. He aspired to be esteemed first in New York, both as a merchant and a man. And his ambition was satisfied. There was no one whose credit stood higher, whose opinion was more valued, or whose influence was greater than his. I have never seen a human being who appeared so thoroughly self-dependent, whose 'blood and judgment were so well commingled.' He seemed wholly superior to the blandishments of the fair. Business was apparently his pleasure, and, as he never was seen at any place of amusement or known to speak

to a woman, except his housekeeper, while his charities were munificent, many people esteemed him a kind of saint. I could not, indeed, love such a character; but there was a sustained elevation about it that enforced my reverence. One evening, within a few months of my majority, I attended the theatre. Before the curtain rose, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a lady in the opposite box, whose beauty I have never seen equalled. The persons about her were evidently unknown to her, and I did not perceive that she was attended by any gentleman. I could not refrain from turning my eyes constantly in that direction. The more I contemplated the lady, the more lovely she appeared. As I am an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, I was familiar with the appearance, at least of every one in the city, who boasted any rare attractions, and of course inferred that the lady before me was a stranger; and yet there was none of that curiosity or surprise which can be traced in the manner of one to whom a scene is wholly new. On the other hand, I could not account for loveliness such as hers being so apparently unnoticed. At the commencement of the afterpiece I saw a man, whose figure and face were concealed in his cloak, enter the box and take a seat immediately behind the *incognita*. It struck me that he frequently addressed her, and that she replied, though neither changed their posture in the least. When the play was over, I continued to watch as before. She rose at the same time with her mysterious companion. He assisted her in putting on a shawl and gave his hand to lead her from the box. His cloak became entangled, and, as he moved away, was half drawn from his shoulders. He turned to recover it, and I recognized Mr. Harrod. Before I could rally from my astonishment, they were lost in the crowd. To understand my intense curiosity at this incident, you should have known Harrod; you should have experienced, for years, his dignified reserve, his calm self-possession, his contempt of what the world calls pleasure. You should have learned, as I did, to regard him as a being superior to the infirmities of humanity, living in a more exalted atmosphere than his fellows, and actuated by motives of a loftier nature. He was regarded as a woman-hater, or at least as a man who lived too much upon his resources to be swayed by common passion. I was haunted by an inquisitiveness such as possessed Caleb Williams with regard to Falkland. A moment's reflection would have made me aware of the danger of invading the privacy of a haughty man like Mr. Harrod; but I paused not to consider. I knew of only one man in his employ who seemed to have his entire confidence. There was an air of respectability and a grave decorum about 'old Ben,' which probably chimed in with his master's humour. He was a kind of confidential servant, waited at table on great occasions, and acted as footman or errand-boy, as emergency required. He was the major-domo of Harrod's splendid bachelor's-hall. To this personage I determined to have recourse, and the very next day,

upon pretence of asking about a missing letter, I beckoned him to a corner of the warehouse, and very cautiously opened an inquiry as to where his master passed the previous evening. He appeared instantly to be upon his guard, assured me I was mistaken in my surmises, and pretended total ignorance on the subject. For a week I brooded over the mystery in silence. I perused that serious and tranquil countenance, that awed my boyish spirit, striving to detect the lines of cunning or the smoothness of hypocrisy. I peered into those clear gray eyes to discover the dormant fire of passion; but my observations only puzzled me the more. The same indifference to ordinary motives, the same self-respect and apparent stoicism was obvious in every look and movement; nor was I able to subdue the habitual deference with which this singular man inspired me. One forenoon, as I was leaning over the ledger, biting the end of my pen, and musing over the incident which excited such an interest in my mind, I observed Old Ben, watching me intently. The moment he caught my eye, he moved towards the door; I followed, and when we were in the street, he thrust a note into my hand, and walked away. The tasteful envelope, elegant writing and fancy seal, indicated a lady's handiwork. The contents were as follows:

"If Mr. Clinton will call this afternoon between five and six o'clock, at No. 30, — Street, his curiosity on a certain subject shall be amply gratified."

"You will readily conceive with what impatience I awaited the time specified. Precisely at half past five, I rang the bell of a very genteel dwelling-house, at the place indicated, and was immediately ushered by a coloured servant into a splendid drawing-room, in which rich ottomans, beautiful paintings, a harp, and various other evidences of wealth and taste met the eye. Upon a couch by the fire, sat the lady whose beauty had so strongly attracted my admiration at the theatre. In her present costume she appeared more lovely than before. Upon my entrance, she rose and received me with great courtesy, but there was a slight embarrassment mingled with the almost playful cordiality of her manner. She evidently enjoyed the surprise and delight exhibited in my countenance.

"'I fear,' said she, archly, 'that I have done a foolish thing, to say the least, in sending for you; but the fact is, I had my share of curiosity as well as yourself. I had a strong desire to see Mr. Clinton, of whom I had heard so much, and I felt from the confidence he has inspired in others, that my secret was in no danger with him.'

"I could dwell at length upon this memorable interview; suffice it, however, to repeat its essential points. Judge of my surprise, when this beautiful creature informed me that she was and had been for several years, the wife of Mr. Harrod! Her origin was very humble, and much as she was beloved by her husband, he could never bring his mind to render the marriage public. He had re-

ceived her from her parents a mere child, and had spared no care or expense in her education. In fact, this stern son of Mammon, so long deemed an incorrigible bachelor, and the most utilitarian of millionaires, had been all the while snugly carrying on as sweet a little romance as ever brightened into poetry the routine of common life. I owed my initiation to the imprudence of the only servant who shared his master's secret. Harrod had told his wife the evening previous that he should leave the city the next day, for a week, and she, in a moment of caprice, hearing from old Ben, of my leading questions, and wishing to see one she had often heard her husband commend, had ventured upon the bold experiment I have described. I never met so charming a woman. We chatted away like old friends, discussed Mr. Harrod's peculiar traits of character, and I openly lamented his overweening pride, as the great foible of a noble mind. You can fancy how many themes of mutual interest such an occasion would suggest. It seemed as if Mrs. Harrod was determined to atone for months of isolation by a free indulgence of her social powers. Her brilliancy and varied information, her tact and ignorance of the world, her simplicity and almost girlish enthusiasm, combined to render her a most fascinating companion. We were soon in the full tide of agreeable converse, when a slight click, like the rattle of a key in a lock, struck our ears. At this, to her well-known sound, she turned deadly pale.

"'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed, 'that must be my husband; pray conceal yourself there,' and she pointed to the voluminous folds of a window-curtain.

"'No, madam,' I replied, 'I disdain to evade the consequences of my folly.'

"At this moment steps were heard along the entry. I knew at once the firm and regular tread of Harrod, and stood silently awaiting his entrance. Words cannot paint the blank astonishment with which his gaze rested on me. There was a pause of more than a minute—to me it seemed an hour.

"'I hope I do not interrupt; I trust my presence is not intrusive,' at length he murmured in tones of the most bitter irony, and glancing with a contemptuous smile from his wife to me, as he stood thus, with folded arms, like the statue of Scorn.

"I saw that it was no time for explanation, and passing him with a respectful bow, I slowly withdrew. I did not sleep that night. From what I knew of Harrod's character, I doubted not that this adventure would blast my prospects, and it was with the keenest self-reproach that I remembered I had sacrificed my hopes to the gratification of an idle curiosity. With no little trepidation I anticipated a meeting with Harrod the ensuing day. I resumed my post at the desk as usual, and, at the customary hour of eleven, the carriage drove up, and the senior partner walked into the counting-room with as sustained a carriage and unconcerned a look as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. He was closeted in his private room

for more than half an hour with the chief clerk, who, on his egress, signified to me that I was wanted. I felt that my future career was involved in that interview, and determined to go through it with as good a grace as possible.

“ ‘Clinton,’ said Mr. Harrod, when the door was closed, ‘I have always found you truthful, and trust you will now answer me candidly,—‘how often have you visited the house where I found you last night?’

“ ‘Never, sir, till then.’

“ ‘Are you willing to pledge yourself never to go there again, or reveal during my life what you there accidentally discovered?’

“ ‘Yes, sir.’

“ ‘Upon that condition you can remain with us.’

“ Thus ended our colloquy; but I was not long in discerning a change in Mr. Harrod’s feelings towards me; *not that he doubted my integrity in the least, but the thought of my participating in what he was weak enough to deem a humiliating secret, rankled in his breast. He died soon after, and I learned that a project which had been matured between him and the other partners to take me into the house, under the most auspicious conditions, was abandoned at his suggestion, several months before.*”

“ And thus,” said I, “by acting from impulse, you lost a fortune; and how did you gain a wife?”

“That is soon told,” replied Clinton. “Tom Chester was my intimate friend, during boyhood and youth, and one evening he called for me to go to a ball with him. As we were leaving the parlour, I asked my mother for a master-key, as I should not be back until towards morning.”

“ ‘Ah!’ said she, ‘Harry, I do wish you could remain at home at least one evening in the week. The only thing that will ever make you regular and domestic is marriage. Pray, Mr. Chester, use your influence with my son, and induce him to marry.’

“ ‘With all my heart, madam,’ answered Tom. ‘I have a sweet little cousin in Jersey, who is exactly the wife for him.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘I’ll marry her to-morrow.’

“ ‘You are not in earnest?’

“ ‘Quite so. You are as well acquainted with my character as any one in the world. You say your cousin is exactly the woman for me. I’ll take your word for it. Write to her at once, describe me as I am, and if she is content with such a man, I will ratify the contract.’

“The next day Chester sent to Jersey my full length portrait, drawn with an impartial hand. My good points were stated without exaggeration, and my faults honestly avowed, while the particulars of my personal appearance and prospects in life completed the picture. It hit the lady’s fancy, and in a week we were married. A better wife, or one more devoted and attached, no man was ever blessed with. As to her beauty, judge for yourself,” and he drew a miniature from his bosom, representing an uncommonly sweet and expressive face. “And thus, my friend, that rash humour which my mother gave me, lost me a fortune, which might have been my ruin, and gained me a wife, who is the joy of my heart. But there comes our little flower-girl to call us to dinner, and I dare say Arlington needs no one to wish him—*buono appetito.*”